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THE NATION

OCTOBER 23, 1967 35 cents

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AT&T—PART ONE
Who Will Bell The Colossus?
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LETTERS

justice denied

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In the early morning hours of Sept. 1, 1939, The Polish Post Office in Danzig (Gdansk) was attacked by armed bands of Nazi irregulars. They formed a part of the so-called Eberhard Gruppe or Freikorps Eberhard. This attack took place while there was *no state of war* between Poland and Germany and *prior* to Hitler's attack on Poland. The Nazi attackers were, beyond doubt, guilty of criminal action against an institution protected by law and by international agreements.

Five weeks after this initial attack, after the end of the Polish campaign in October, 1939, the Post Office defenders were sentenced to death by a Nazi kangaroo court of the same Eberhard Gruppe.

In 1963, I asked the Zentrale Stelle in Ludwigsburg to locate and to identify the persons responsible for the judicial murder of postal employees in Danzig (including my father, Leon Fuz). In 1964 the Nazi war criminals were located. Despite my repeated requests for the next two years, the state prosecutor at Luebeck decided not to prosecute them on the basis that the execution was "justified." Accordingly, I filed an appeal to the Generalstaatsanwalt Schleswig which, in May, 1967, upheld the negative decision of the prosecutor's office in Luebeck. In fact, he stated that the postal employees were "irregulars and could be executed without a trial." In view of this deliberate shielding of Nazi war criminals, I, through my legal counsel, filed an appeal to the Oberlandesgericht Schleswig.

Since Danzig was guaranteed and protected in 1939 by the League of Nations, since the Chief of the German General Staff Halder did not list Eberhard Gruppe on Sept. 1, 1939 as a unit of the German Armed Forces, and since Günter Grass in his world bestseller, *The Tin Drum*, described the fateful events in Danzig, I respectfully ask your help in making public this current West German attempt to rewrite history. *George C. Fuz, Ph. D.*

all look alike

DEAR SIRS: I was pleased to read Daniel Stern's fine review of Cortázar's stories [*The Nation*, Sept. 18]. What puzzled me, however, was in what way the Brazilian Machado could be considered a "compatriot" of the Argentine Cortázar and Borges, except, of course, they're all "spiks."

Oliver T. Myers, Chairman
Department of Spanish and Portuguese
The University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee)

deterrence of proliferation

Asheville, N. C.

DEAR SIRS: I completely agree with Prof. Marshall Windmiller's statement in a letter to *The Nation* published in the Aug. 28 issue, "that the nuclear non-proliferation negotiations led by the U.S. and the USSR are in reality nothing more than an effort by the big two to preserve their monopoly of power." And this is why the negotiations have no meaning; this is why a treaty if signed cannot succeed in even slowing down the arms race.

Even before the treaty limiting the testing of nuclear weapons was ratified in 1963, I pointed out it would prove worthless unless the nuclear powers agreed to the destruction of their nuclear stockpiles. In an outlaw society—and the present nation-state system is just that—it is not only incredible but immoral to decide that certain outlaw bands should be permitted to arm while others should be disarmed. The present negotiations in Geneva are absolutely meaning-

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EDITORIALS

For Whom Is Time Working?

The current session of the UN General Assembly displays what one might call paradoxically a "static flux" in international relations. In contrast to last summer's dramatic session on the Middle East—the drama then being provided mostly by the stupefying Israeli blitzkrieg and the cover-up show of the Soviet Union—this session finds the diplomacy of the major powers at a stage of hesitation. The big question which the world's capitals seem to be asking themselves is: "For whom is time working?" To which each answers, hopefully, "It is working for me."

This appraisal permeates especially the situation in Vietnam. The annual debate of the General Assembly has in recent sessions provided a forum for the enunciation of the latest United States conditions for ending the war. Last year's statement by Ambassador Goldberg brought the first official airing of the now familiar theme that Hanoi must "reciprocate" for any de-escalation of the war, and first of all for the cessation of bombings in the North. This year's speech provided no such new idea. True, the required guarantees were toned down from "corresponding military measures" to an unequivocal advance commitment by Hanoi to participate in "meaningful negotiations" if the air attacks were stopped. Mr. Goldberg's statement deliberately ignored the many feelers whereby Hanoi has been indicating its willingness to talk if the bombings were ended without prior conditions; it was as if American officials were asking the North Vietnamese leaders to shout their answer to the whole world.

The word "meaningful" came to assume its full significance from almost daily American official statements, among them President Johnson's San Antonio speech asserting his determination to pursue the war as a matter of vital national interest until Communist encroachments on Southeast Asia were definitely checked.

Washington is still convinced that time is on its side and that it can achieve a military victory in Vietnam. A reappraisal may have to be undertaken before the 1968 elections, but meanwhile the growing demands in the UN for a cessation of the bombings will go unheeded. Conversely, Hanoi and Moscow believe that time will weaken the American will to carry on a bloody and increasingly costly war, and are waiting for that moment.

A similar situation prevails in the Middle East crisis. Of all the parties directly or indirectly concerned, Israel, more than any, believes that time is its ally. Israel holds Arab territory, of which it does not intend to yield one inch, except (and even this is not certain) in exchange for full recognition and cooperation from the Arabs. The United States is unwilling at this point to put pressure on Israel. The Arabs want to believe that their righteous stand will eventually prevail. As for Russia, it continues to insist on the "liquidation of the consequences of Israeli aggression," but at the same time is following very carefully the effects of the Israeli victory on the pattern of

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Arab regimes. The sense of urgency has disappeared in both Washington and Moscow with the stabilization of the cease-fire lines in theN ear East and the consequent waning of the danger of a forced military confrontation between the two major powers.

In this situation, it is generally recognized that the UN can proceed for the moment only by paper resolutions, without making any real impact on the problem. The UN being what it is, such efforts may be expected, preferably in the Security Council, but their practical value is not overestimated by anyone.

China is one area where both the United States and the Soviet Union fear that time may not be on their side. The USSR is trying to capitalize on the propaganda value of its 50th anniversary, which establishes its seniority and its achievements as the first Communist state. In Washington, Defense Secretary McNamara has reversed a trend to a limitation of the anti-missile system in order to erect a network against a possible Chinese attack. This in turn has strengthened the reluctance of non-nuclear countries to sign a treaty on the nonproliferation of nuclear weapons while the superpowers are renewing their armament race.

In his office on the thirty-eighth floor of the UN skyscraper, a depressed U Thant deplores the trend to violence and warns that, no matter on whose side time seems to be, it is not on the side of peace.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

UN Correspondent

We announce with pleasure the appointment of Anne Tuckerman as *The Nation*'s regular correspondent at the United Nations. Born in France, Mrs. Tuckerman is a naturalized U.S. citizen and served during the war at the New York office of the OWI. She has served at the UN since its inception in 1946, representing Agence France-Presse. In addition she has written as a free lance for many French and American periodicals, including *The Nation*, and is a regular news commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Profiles in Opportunism

The resolution offered by Sen. Charles H. Percy, calling on President Johnson to make a more determined effort to obtain greater Asian military support for the Vietnamese War, is about as demagogic a proposal as can well be imagined. The fact that it was supported by a bipartisan group of twenty-two Senators shows how many legislators would like to have the best of two worlds, without taking the risk of plumping for one or the other. The resolution was referred to the Foreign Relations Committee, where the prospect is that it will never be heard of again. Senator Percy is quite philosophical about its demise. He made his point, he says, by gaining the support of nearly one-fifth of the Senate and he does not intend to press for committee action. In this context, the resolution was a gesture intended to make the voters feel that Percy and his followers were good men and

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-3400. West Coast office: 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION — Combined with FRONTIER

Volume 205
No. 13

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true, intent on sparing the lives of young Americans and making the Asians fight their own battles.

The Asians have not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, as Percy well knows. Exhortations to battle have as little effect on them, coming from Percy, as when Eisenhower asked them to pull Uncle Sam's chestnuts out of the fire. They suspect that Uncle is in Asia for reasons that have seemed good to successive administrations, and that have so far gained the somewhat reluctant acquiescence of the American people.

President Johnson came around to some such view in his speech at San Antonio. Up to now he, and Secretary Rusk with even more assiduity, have been assuring us that we are in Vietnam to bring the blessings of democracy to the poor South Vietnamese and to persuade the North Vietnamese that they must leave their neighbors alone. At San Antonio this pretense was quietly shelved. Now we are at war in Vietnam because considerations of national interest require it. Or, as Senator Dirksen, the President's most trusted spokesman, laid it on the line in his colloquy with Senator Fulbright, our defense line must run through Saigon or (terrifying thought!) it might be pushed back to Hawaii.

At least this is getting down to cases. The claim that our men are being maimed and killed for America's security is either true or not true. If it is true, then they should be right where they are, and perhaps there should be more of them. It would be nice to have more Asians alongside them, and willing to fight at night instead of bedding down in the villages, but if they are too blind or cowardly that does not relieve any American of doing his duty. But if anyone believes that the loss of Vietnam would imperil American security he must be one of three things—stupid, paranoid or making money out of the war. Given the facts of American air and naval power, its island bases and its domination of the Pacific, the argument that we must win in Vietnam or fight in Nome and San Diego is idiotic.

Senator Brooke has taken a stand similar to Senator Percy's, although he is not listed among the sponsors of the Percy resolution. He declared on TV that not one more Marine should be sent to Vietnam until the South Vietnamese army starts fighting. He did make one good point when he asked why the North Vietnamese were dedicated and the South Vietnamese were not, but he has been alternately a dove and a hawk, which makes for an unpleasant spectacle.

Both Mr. Percy and Mr. Brooke would appear in a better light if they followed the example of Senator Morton. We know where he stands.

The Best Evidence

The most convincing evidence that the President's policy in Vietnam has run into grave trouble on the political home front is to be found in his head-on collision with Rep. Wilbur Mills over the proposed tax surcharge. Any such conflict would have been inconceivable in World War II, or even in the much less defensible Korean War. The spectacle of a Democrat with a record of unquestionable loyalty to his party, publicly defying a Democratic President on the eve of an election year, is an utterly revealing commentary on the war, and the way we were inveigled into it.

American casualties have now passed the 100,000 mark. The money cost of the war per year is $30 billion, with no assurance that it will not rise if the stalemate continues. Not a single democratic nation unreservedly supports the United States. Aside from token forces, like those of Australia, the only sizable contribution comes from the Park dictatorship in South Korea, which has supplied a few brigades of mercenaries in exchange for U.S. military aid at home. Vietnam is no longer the theatre of a small war; with the exception of the two world wars it is the most serious conflict in which the United States has engaged in this century. It contains within it the seeds of World War III. For reasons that remain obscure, since none of the President's justifications carry conviction, the country has been led into its most precarious situation since Pearl Harbor.

Yet Americans have never hesitated to risk their lives and possessions when their country was in danger or an appeal was made to their idealism. The fact that a large proportion have averted their faces from this conflict, taking refuge in apathy or in affluent spending, while a growing proportion wants us to get out of Vietnam, shows that this is not the kind of war in which Americans willingly engage. Does anyone believe that if it were in any way justifiable, Representative Mills, for one, would dare to defy the President?

The fact is that if this were a normal war—in the sense that it carried with it as much vindication as have earlier American wars—it would be political suicide to oppose the President when he asks for a tax surcharge to pay for it. The offices of Representative Mills and the openly anti-war legislators would be deluged with mail praising the President and threatening vengeance at the polls. Nothing of the kind is happening, and there is no prospect of its happening. In its way, Mills's determination not to allow the tax bill to come out of the Ways and Means Committee, and the 20-to-5 vote supporting him in that committee, tell as much about the Johnson predicament as the more spectacular signs of opposition in Congress, in the universities and on the streets.

The Security of Incompetence

The anti-missile network proposed by the Pentagon as a screen against a Communist nuclear attack does not mean that a nuclear attack is actually feared by Washington's officials. On the contrary, there are strong signs they do not consider such an attack at all likely.

And the very best indication that this latter is their *real* view lies in the Office of Emergency Planning, which, with the exception of the Subversive Activities Control Board, is the most farcical and useless government organization in Washington. Congress has given the OEP a fat budget ($4.7 million for fiscal 1968) and an inflated commission; its director is on the National Security Council, right up there with McNamara and Rusk, and he is supposed to be the President's brain in coordinating civilian

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affairs and drawing the nation back together again as a working unit, in the event of a nuclear attack or other grave national emergency.

But in fact the OEP is a travesty of preparedness and emergency planning. During the Cuban missile crisis, President Kennedy had so little confidence in the office that he excluded its director from the National Security Council's sessions. During the blackout of the northeastern section of the United States a little more than a year ago, the OEP got everything so fouled up that President Johnson angrily ordered it to back away.

A dozen bright young executives went to work at the OEP during Kennedy's Presidency, but all hastened away, one saying on his departure, "This place is a microcosm of all the bad things that a bureaucracy can be—filled with old, stagnant, retired-in-place officials." Nevertheless, for those who can stand it, the pay is good. Throughout the federal government, less than one worker per 100 is rated GS-15 or above. (GS-15s earn at least $17,500 and can earn as much as $23,013.) Of the 266 personnel at the OEP, however, eighty are paid at the GS-15 level or higher; five get the top government salary—$25,890.

It's a place where friendships are paid off. The nephew of a top AFL-CIO official used to have one of the posh positions; the son of a key Democratic Congressman graduated from college into a $15,000 public relations job at OEP. But the best example of political rewards is at the very top. Four of the five OEP directors in the last six years have been Southern political hacks: Frank Ellis, a blustering New Orleans attorney who ran Kennedy's campaign in Louisiana in 1960; Buford Ellington, a pro-LBJ segregationist ex-governor of Tennessee; Cecil Farris Bryant, one-time segregationist governor of Florida and a business partner of labor-hating banker-industrialist Ed Ball; and now Price Daniel, former governor of Texas.

President Johnson uses such men quite openly as ward-heelers. The OEP director runs errands for Johnson, hops around the country working out deals, soothing ruffled feelings, and in other ways acting as LBJ's "man."

Bryant was rather brazen in his indifference to appearances. One job assigned to the director is to supervise the stockpiling of materials that might be critical in an emergency. Last year when Bryant took over the OEP he proudly announced his ignorance of such matters. "The only thing I know about aluminum," he told a House committee, "is that it is light and strong." Experience did not stock his mind. At his final appearance before the Joint Committee on Defense Production this summer, Bryant was unable to answer any questions relating to market shortage, foreign sources of supply, research programs, defense borrowing authority, manpower shortages, loan programs and a variety of other topics.

It simply is not reasonable to think that a President with any concern, however slight, for the security and well-being of this country would put a man of such capabilities and habits in control of the Office of Emergency Planning if he thought there was any real emergency to plan for.

Bryant is now gone, and the nation's emergencies are —theoretically—in the pudgy hands of cigar-chomping Price Daniel, who cross-filed as a Republican in 1952 and toured Texas smearing Adlai Stevenson as a "labor stooge" and "tool of the NAACP." Daniel, like Bryant, was a fierce anti-federal interpositionist. He was also, both as governor and previously as U.S. Senator, a toady for the oil and gas interests, for whom his law firm frequently handles cases.

That may be one explanation for Johnson's selection of Daniel to head the OEP; this agency has much to say about the importation of oil and the juggling of quotas. Sitting in that job, an oil man could help the industry a lot. It is something to worry about, but it is a less worry than the thought that a political tumblebug would have anything to say about running the country in the event of a volley from China. Johnson may be brutal, but he isn't so brutal as to do that to his homeland. It may be a rough barometer, but it is one of sorts: as long as a Bryant or Daniel is running the OEP, Johnson foresees no trouble with China or Russia, the hammering of anti-missile construction in your ears notwithstanding.

Church and School

The proposed new constitution for New York State, which came forth after six months of labor and an expenditure of some $10 million, appears to have no friends except Anthony Travia and the Roman Catholic Church. It takes some kind of genius to produce a document that can evoke the disfavor of the state's Republicans, Liberals, Conservatives, Reform Democrats, the League of Women Voters, the Citizens Union, the Protestants and the Jews, to mention only the most notable of the opponents. Travia, Speaker of the Assembly and President of the Constitutional Convention, ran the convention with remarkable efficiency. What he really wanted he was able to get, and chief among these was a resolution presenting the constitution to the people on November 7 as a single package, take it or leave it.

Originally, Travia's expectation had been to frame a constitution that would have "goodies" for everyone, but by the time the convention had completed its work there were very few goodies for anyone but the Church. Hopes for court unification, better selection of judges, home rule for cities, meaningful nonpartisan reapportionment, lower voting age, a ban on wire tapping and electronic eavesdropping, and a code of ethics for legislators disappeared one by one as the convention droned on. Except for some not insignificant but nevertheless relatively minor strengthening of civil liberties protections, the only major accomplishment was the elimination of the so-called Blaine Amendment, the ban on use of tax-raised funds for the support of parochial schools.

This came about as a result of an exceptionally well-organized and well-financed campaign by the Catholic Church. By the time the convention opened its first session, the Church, and its front, Citizens for Educational Freedom, had almost enough committed delegates to insure repeal of the ban; before it closed, Travia had decided to put all his eggs in the Catholic basket. He estimated that 40 per cent of the state's eligible voters were Catholics and was confident that all would go to the polls and vote for a constitution which repealed the school ban.

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Since a third of the eligible voters do not vote at all, Travia seems sure to get his constitution approved.

That is, if his assumption of a monolithic, determined Catholic vote is correct. The Church certainly hopes it is and is doing all it can to make it so. Every parish church is a center of activity to mobilize support for the new constitution, and millions of dollars are being poured into the campaign. The stakes are high, much higher even than the $700 million or more of tax-raised funds which may in time be poured annually into the parochial school system if the constitutional ban is lifted. New York, though first in wealth and second in population, is only one state, and almost every other state in the Union has a provision similar to the "Blaine Amendment." Should the campaign in New York succeed, it will be the first time in the history of the nation that any state will have repealed a constitutional prohibition against governmental support of religion. But it will not be the last; for we may be sure that a successful campaign in New York will be followed by similar efforts in the other states, culminating ultimately in a drive to eliminate the ban contained in the First Amendment.

It is the realization of this situation that is lining up the non-Catholic voters of New York against the proposed constitution. More and more the controversy takes on the appearance of a religious conflict. Both Travia and the Church undoubtedly consider this an unfortunate price that must be paid and is worth paying.

The religious conflict would be inevitable and perhaps even justified if in fact the entire Catholic community supported the repeal of the constitutional ban. This is far from certain. Half the Catholics in the state do not send their children to parochial schools, and most of these may be presumed to be committed to the preservation of the public school system. Like non-Catholics, they realize that once public funds become available for the financing of private schools, the continuance of the public school system is gravely threatened. The hundreds of millions of dollars needed to maintain the private schools must come from somewhere. Some, no doubt, will come from additional taxation, which will fall most heavily on the small homeowner, for real estate bears the major burden of school taxes. The rest will come from the limited sums available for public schools, at a time when the dismal failure of the lottery has already brought on a crisis in educational financing.

It is these considerations which indicate that many Catholics will join the almost solid coalition of non-Catholics in voting No on November 7. LEO PFEFFER

Death in the Jungle

The glee with which Che Guevara's body—if it is his body—was carted about and displayed in Bolivia is as unedifying as the motive behind it is fatuous. One Latin American revolutionary of strikingly romantic appeal (but in Latin America revolution and romance tend to intertwine) is said to be dead, and thus the revolutionary movement is said to be critically stricken. Or is it rather that the dream of freedom in Latin America has added one more to the many martyrs that vivify its cause?

Guevara was an Argentinian who emerged into world prominence in Cuba and was last thought to be with the guerrillas in Bolivia. He was thus styled—the platitude substituting for understanding—"an international revolutionary." But standing before the United Nations, Guevara himself said: "Revolutions are not exportable. . . . We are not the cause. . . the 'imperialist system' is the cause." When he spoke in New York, everyone was looking at this bearded young man in a beret, but few were listening to him. So the theory persisted: Guevara goes about Latin America, lighting fires of revolt. But he didn't take revolution with him—he went where revolution was to be found. And if he is dead, the cause did not die with him.

Antaeus and Hercules

As far as Washington is concerned, the business cycle no longer exists. The premise is that when the economic indicators signal an approaching slump, the government can counter it by the standard Keynesian measures. When inflation threatens, the same measures will work in reverse. The forecast, therefore, heralds a steady rise in national income, accompanied, to be sure, by an inexorable rise in the price level but at a politically acceptable rate. Provided the indicators are read aright and the remedies are applied in good time, eternal prosperity, with only minor fluctuations, is practically assured.

The element in this scheme that it is not polite to mention is that it has been tested only in a period of war and preparation for war, with massive armaments underpinning it all the way. Thus, in the present Johnson phase of guaranteed prosperity, the Labor Department has released figures showing that the escalation of the Vietnamese War has created more than a million jobs in the last two years —up from about 3 million defense workers to 4.1 million. In political terms, if Mr. Johnson runs for re-election on a platform of peace in the future and prosperity in the present, he can thank the war for about a fourth of the prosperity in terms of employment, since the increase in war jobs represents 23 per cent of the total increase of 4 million jobs since 1965.

But from where Mr. Johnson sits this is not the only beneficial effect. In the same two years, the number of military personnel rose from 2.7 million to 3.4 million. That's 700,000 young men who would have been hunting jobs if they hadn't been hunting Vietcong, or supporting those who do the hunting. The combination of plus jobs and minus job-hunters is a political blessing—as long as it can be kept going.

The fact that LBJ's prosperity hangs precariously from the war is recognized by thoughtful businessmen and economists. Of six economists quoted by *The New York Times* (June 25, 1967) four cited the war as a stabilizing factor. Charles B. Reeder of du Pont said: "The primary element of strength has been increases in defense spending." Albert T. Sommers of the National Industrial Conference Board voiced a similar view: "The powerful stimulative influence of government spending is cushioning the

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AT&T: PART I

WHO WILL BELL THE COLOSSUS?

NORMAN L. PARKS

Mr. Parks is chairman of the department of political science, Middle Tennessee State University. He has been an editorial writer on the **Nashville Tennessean,** *and is the author of many articles on Southern politics and U.S. foreign policy.*

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the world's mightiest economic empire, but it is a private business, not a political sovereignty, and there is little doubt that it should be regulated in the public interest. What is in doubt is whether it *can* be regulated, at least within the traditional public utility concepts that have evolved in this country since the first federal commission was established in 1887. Considering how fragmentary is the knowledge about the "innards" of this empire outside the system itself, and considering the poor record to date of all federal regulatory commissions, the urgency of this question is widely felt.

Remedies are suggested: The Federal Communications Commission should be remolded from its quasi-judicial structure into an executive body with an openly political approach. Western Electric should be severed from the Bell corporate body. AT&T itself should be broken up into a score or more of independent operating companies. Bell should be resolutely confined to voice telephone service, the newer areas of communication being reserved to other enterprises. Or can the Federal Communications Commission, without any radical break with its current philosophy or methods, actually bring the giant to heel?

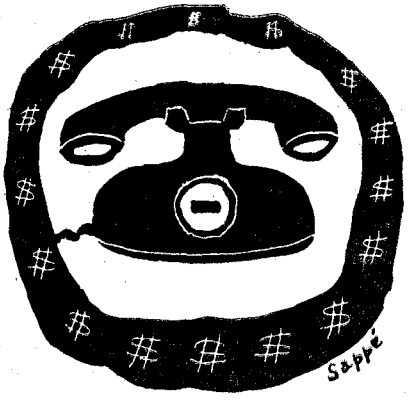
The FCC is now holding hearings on AT&T but few can feel that any substantial progress was made toward such a goal with the close of the first phase of the investigation, and the first FCC "finding and order" ever issued to the monopoly in thirty-three years of telephone regulation.

The recent order rolled back interstate telephone rates by $120 million, effective September 1, cut out $750 million of fat from the capital base on which the rate structure is set, and transferred an additional $85 million in capital from the intrastate to the interstate rate base.

Though this order, issued by a unanimous vote of the commission, sounds massive enough, its regulatory effectiveness was questioned by Commissioners Nicholas Johnson and Lee Loevinger. Said the former: "There is a substantial question in my mind whether the David-FCC is capable of regulating the Goliath-Bell in anything other than the most superficial terms."

It is ominous that a doubt so basic should be so candidly expressed by members of the commission after a yearlong hearing and a formal finding that stung the company into an angered protest and request for reconsideration. But judging from the investigation thus far, as well as from the long history of FCC's informal "surveillance" of AT&T's behavior, and the stir which a few years ago produced the antitrust consent decree ending Western Electric's role in the competitive market, there is solid justification for doubt. Moreover, if the FCC has failed to develop the conventional tools of utility regulation or fostered collaboration with the Anti-Trust Division for effective supervision of interstate and foreign communication activities of the Bell system, the plight of the state commissions which attempt to regulate almost three-fourths of Bell's business is even worse.

There are several possible reasons for the inadequacy of FCC regulation. The obvious one is an insufficient budget, and AT&T influence in the lobbies of Congress has been a factor in keeping it that way. But a more important problem is the prison which the FCC has constructed for itself as a regulatory commission. The act of 1934 is broadly drawn. There is nothing in it to prohibit the FCC from recognizing that the communications issues which come before it in its rule-making function are political in nature and require political solutions on a broad socio-economic scale. The act does not require



the commission to reach decisions based solely on court criteria. Nor does it bar effective collaboration with the executive branch or forbid recourse to forceful and direct executive methods.

It is true that the "role" of commissions had hardened before the FCC was established, but that body chose to submit to this tradition from its start. Yet the field of communications, evolving and expanding at a dizzy pace, required not a court-type regulation but an imaginative management which could initiate new policies and anticipate problems. In its condition of arrested development, the FCC has failed to take stands in advance with respect to the newer areas of communication which AT&T has marked out for itself. Now at the crisis stage, the commission will attempt to deal with this problem according to traditional utilities criteria in the second phase of the current hearings.

Only after rumblings from Congress and the entrance of the Bell system into competitive areas of communications on a big scale did the FCC act to initiate its first formal hearing in October, 1965. Since its establishment in 1934, the FCC had dealt with AT&T on an in-

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formal basis of "continuous surveillance," a policy which delighted the company and drew a kindly veil over FCC's ineptitudes. Describing this policy as it was pursued during his seven years with the commission, Clifford Durr recently observed that it was neither "continuous" nor "surveillance." Though several sporadic efforts at supervision were made, he said, the agency simply did not have the will, the budget, the legal staff, or the research manpower to regulate the telephone Goliath. Informal supervision by the FCC did produce in 1965 one notable shift of $100 million to the interstate rate base and resulted in modest but inadequate reductions in intrastate rates for most jurisdictions. The FCC cannot be blamed because state commissions failed to exploit fully this opportunity for lower rates.

Hearings in Phase I of the current investigation proceeded along familiar lines on such issues as the rate base, rate of return and separation of plant between interstate and intrastate jurisdictions. As a result, some issues relating significantly to the rate base never came up during the inquiry, and totally lacking was any suggestion that a national communications policy is essential to meaningful regulation. Commissioner Johnson lamented the failure to look into such matters as: forces encouraging and retarding technological innovation; the appropriate rate for putting new equipment into service; the effect of different price scales for telephone service on national communications behavior; the expansion to excess capacity through satellites, lasers and micro-wave; the place for competition in telephone service; and the institutional means and procedures for translating both consumer and shareholder interests into national policy.

Though the FCC in the recent hearings chose to confine itself to regulatory criteria appropriate to the era when it was established, AT&T management envisions for the corporation a role far more dynamic than being sole master of the telephone industry. The whole field of communications is seen as the appropriate preserve of a future Bell entity whose size and power would stagger the imagination. A facet of this self-image emerged in the testimony of Dr. Paul McCracken, at one time an economist in the Department of Commerce and later a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, who warned the FCC that the health of the nation is now identified with the health of the Bell system, and that the declared national objectives of economic policy "require that the Bell profits must be set in the upper end" of the zone of reasonableness. "We don't want to be known just as a telephone company," an impatient junior executive recently observed as he pictured the Bell system pioneering in the newer frontiers of communications. Lacking a long-range national policy within which to fit the communications revolution, the FCC can at best only protect the telephone user from monopolistic exploitation and the stockholder from profit attrition. As a positive force it will remain insignificant.

Under the best of circumstances the problem of regulating AT&T would be overwhelming. In the first place, there is its size—a $32 to $35 billion entity which dwarfs all other corporate combines. One of its operating subsidiaries, Western Electric, is second only to the United States Government itself as a purchaser of goods and materials in this country. AT&T owns the world's largest fleet of highway vehicles. It could generate as much as $4.2 billion for plant investment in a single year (1966) without recourse to the public money market. For several years its budget for new capital has not fallen below a minimum of $125 million a month.

The Sherman Act was passed to prevent or break up precisely this kind of concentration of monopoly power. But except for one largely ineffective gesture against Western Electric, the Sherman Act has been an unloaded blunderbuss, as far as AT&T is concerned. Indeed, government contracts, partnerships in research and federal financing of Comsat have contributed enormously to the corporation's growing power, and no effective thought has been given to coordinating federally financed research and contracts with communications regulations and antitrust measures. The FCC has not explored the advisability of breaking up AT&T into manageable entities, with the resulting problems of raising capital and promoting technological innovation. Equally deplorable has been the lack of any serious plan in the federal government to assist the states with their regulation problems. The effort of the FCC to cooperate with the association of state missions (NARUC) has not yielded significantly.

However, it would be unfair to heap scorn on the FCC for its shortcomings. It lacks the budgetary and manpower resources to meet on an equal basis with this giant of giants, which can bring to hearings an unlimited amount of research resources and expert testimony, and charge off the whole cost to the telephone users. Only about 11 per cent of FCC staff manpower is devoted to telephone utilities, the remainder being absorbed by the radio and TV industries.

If the problem were that of finding and applying the one scientific formula that would produce the "correct" results for both the Bell system and the consuming public, the task would nevertheless be a heavy burden for so small a group. But there is no one correct formula. There is not even a "yardstick," as might be supplied by a competing public agency like the TVA or the Bonneville Power Administration, to measure the performance of the telephone monopoly. Certainly the demands of what economist John Kenneth Galbraith calls "the industrial state" for new socio-political engineering along a new administrative front appears beyond FCC's present grasp.

The regulation of the Bell system is further complicated by our federal system: the company acts as a single entity but responsibility for its regulation is divided among approximately fifty jurisdictions, not to mention sub-jurisdictions like city regulatory agencies. Perhaps no more than 25 per cent of the system is directly subject to FCC regulations. The Communications Act of 1934 does give the commission considerable indirect regulatory influence within state jurisdictions by enabling it to establish accounting procedures and to allocate for rate-making purposes capital and costs involving both interstate and intrastate service. Regrettably, however, numerous jurisdictions fail to exploit the opportunity for lower intrastate rates which the FCC from time to time makes possible

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by shifting costs from intrastate to interstate jurisdiction. The net effect has often been to keep toll services up without corresponding reductions in the cost of local calls. However, no state jurisdiction can deal effectively with the telephone leviathan, notwithstanding California's rather rough handling of Pacific Bell two years ago. Former Tennessee Commissioner Leon Jourolmon describes state regulation as "an exercise in futility."

The reputation of most state regulatory bodies for being "soft" was enhanced by the behavior of the group of state commissioners who at the FCC's invitation sat as representatives of NARUC in the recent hearings. Well before the FCC completed its interim decision, these commissioners rushed into print with their own recommendations on matters that belong largely or exclusively to the FCC. This tub-thumping document, apparently calculated to influence the FCC decision, supported the company goals on every point. It was taken up and distributed widely by AT&T.

How "tame" most state commissions have been over the years is revealed in the bound volumes of the Public Utility Reports. Included there are numerous findings, ostensibly written by the commissions, but actually the work of Bell officials. These decisions show careful preparation; they analyze all of the state operations of the company and make elaborate and judicial-sounding findings that point by point sustain the claims of the company with respect to revenue, expense, depreciation, cost of money and rate of return.

Once issued, such decisions are promptly and successfully pressed upon other commissions as precedents. Less compliant commissions could find themselves inundated with briefs, exhibits and supporting data. At one state hearing the commission was confronted with data weighing in excess of 8 tons! Others have been faced with a take-it-or-else offer. An example is the recent effort of the understaffed and poorly prepared Tennessee Commission to get a reduction in its intrastate rates. The late Stanley J. White, acting in the role of consultant, reported that the company earnings in 1965, if projected into 1966, would produce $9,316,000 in excess revenue. The commission gingerly asked Southern Bell to cut back its revenues by $5 million for 1967. Wally Bunn, the able young Bell manager for Tennessee, told the commission that the company would give it $2 million, but not a penny more. If they insisted on the original request, he said flatly, Bell would demand a full-scale hearing. Not a commission employee, down to the greenest secretary, believed that the commission's legal counsel could mount even a passable adversary performance. The regulation of telephone rates was under the direct supervision of a 24-year-old accountant barely out of college. The commission, of course, took what was offered. As the Florida Public Service Commission put it, "the public provides public utilities, through *rates,* with such experts as the public utilities may require to protect the utilities' rights; but the public, through *taxes,* does not provide adequate funds for its own protection."

Few state commissioners deal with a Bell "associated company" whose area of operation coincides with their own jurisdiction. Southern Bell, a $4-billion empire, sprawls over ten states. Not even the most conscientious and able regulatory agency among the ten gets more than a partial view of the operations of the company. Costs, depreciation and investments are handled centrally and allocated on the basis of company judgment—there is room, in short, for bookkeeping adjustment between "tough" and "soft" states, and some regulators have expressed suspicion that that is what happens. At any rate, company officials who know the whole picture have an inherent advantage over the commissioners of state jurisdictions.

Speaking of his eleven years of experience as a Tennessee commissioner, during which time he became known as one of the most able and fearless rate experts in the nation, Jourolmon declared: "I do not believe it is possible to regulate an enterprise with as much economic strength as the telephone monopoly. I do not think any commission has ever been set up with sufficient resources . . . to enable it to cope with all the different parts of the telephone system on a state-wide basis. . . . In the eleven years in which I sat on the Tennessee commission I never once saw a rate case in which the results were fair to the consuming public."

Inability to determine the rate base (cost of plant) and operating costs is the rock on which state regulation founders. Seven states, including Texas, make no attempt at all to regulate utilities. Thirteen states, including six in the South, base rates on "fair value," an uncertain standard which takes into consideration present reproduction costs, "attrition" of plant and other intangibles. The remaining jurisdictions theoretically follow "depreciated original cost," but the difference between a fair-value state like Alabama and an original-cost state like Ohio is far less than that between a tough-commission state like California and the numerous weak-commission states.

In the area of regulations, the FCC is the only body that can exercise any serious restraint on the telephone monopoly, not merely by fixing interstate rates but also by establishing firmly the criteria for regulation which the state commissions could follow and which state courts would be slow to overturn. It is not surprising, then, that the FCC's decision to institute its first formal investigation produced a bitter and explosive reaction from AT&T. The company charged the commission with attempting an adversary proceeding, with upsetting long-established policies of regulation, and with unnecessary, unfair and unreasonable proceedings. The part played by the Common Carrier Bureau in aiding the investigation and later in advising the FCC on its substantive findings was castigated as illegal and unconstitutional. Though a stockholders' movement to resist the hearing was formally disowned, company officials noted with satisfaction that the commissioners "got the message." The then chairman of the FCC, E. William Henry, released a placating statement referring to the "good health" of AT&T and denying that the investigation carried any threat.

In an early issue, Mr. Parks will offer a detailed discussion of the issues that arose in Part I of the FCC's hearings on AT&T, as well as a preview of matters reserved for Part II.

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THIN ICE IN THE DESERT

Egypt: Bruises and Suspicions

VERN L. BULLOUGH
Mr. Bullough, professor of history at San Fernando State College, California, was evacuated from Egypt before the outbreak of war.

Peace in the Middle East seems to be as elusive now as it was before the outbreak of hostilities. To the outside observer the Arab position seems almost hopeless. Egypt is on the verge of bankruptcy; its people might well begin to starve in the next few months unless something is done. Jordan has never been a viable economic unit; an artificially created state, it has been able to exist only through British and American subsidies. Syria was on the verge of disintegration before the war began. Subsidies from the iron curtain countries and a hate-Israel campaign kept it going.

Still, most Arabs seem to feel that they have only lost a battle. The next phase, they believe, will see them in Tel Aviv—the same dream they conjured with before they were so disastrously defeated in June. And no Arab country appears more belligerent than Egypt, which lost so much to Israel. An understanding of how the Egyptians think might help Americans to grasp the depth and seriousness of the problems in the Middle East. As people, the Egyptians are peaceful. Throughout their history they have put up with more conquerors, more misgovernment and more oppression than almost any other people. Hardly ever did they revolt. Even today, while the ordinary Egyptian talks a good fight, actual violence is rare. Yet when the latest confrontation with Israel seemed imminent, thousands upon thousands volunteered to fight and the Egyptians to a man were behind their government. While Egypt is a rigidly controlled police state where even mobs demonstrate at the order of the government, this time the response was undoubtedly genuine.

Much of the explanation derives from the fact that the modern Egyptians suffer from a tremendous inferiority complex. The monuments of their ancient greatness are all around them, and Cairo itself symbolizes the glory of medieval Egypt. Yet it was not until the Suez crisis, when the British troops were finally removed, that the last foreign army left Egyptian soil. Egyptians want to do things their own way and to them Israel is a constant reminder of their subjugation by the British. Egypt itself has no claim to Israel but as an Arab state it is in the forefront of those who long for Arab unity. Quite naturally, the Egyptians see Cairo as the new capital for the Arab world, although unfortunately for them the Syrians, the Iraqi, the Algerians and others envision different centers. Thus each must be more belligerent than the next because whenever they dream of Arab unity and greatness they awake in the middle of a nightmare to find Israel. Israel, they believe, was deliberately carved out of Arab lands by the departing British to maintain an imperialist foothold. To tell an Egyptian, or almost any other Arab, that Israel has no ambition to dominate the Middle East is a totally thankless task. Many of them quote Israel's "secret plans" for occupying their country. They become almost paranoid in their belief that the only thing preventing Arab unity is Israel, even though Arabs continue to fight Arabs. As a result, the Egyptian Government has raised, borrowed and spent for arms billions of dollars which, if applied to domestic improvement, would have given the average Egyptian a tolerable life. The average Egyptian earns less than $100 a year, and Israel has become a scapegoat for his ills and frustrations.

The aftermath of imperialism has also left a strong feeling of intellectual inferiority. There are large numbers of educated Egyptians, many of them trained abroad. Yet Egypt had no secular university before the 1920s and it was not until the British departed that Egyptians became dominant in the faculties of their own schools. To a people whose name was once synonymous with learning, it is galling to find that they must learn English to know what is current in science, in medicine, in engineering, in nursing, in the social sciences and in numerous other fields. Even the textbooks are in English (when there are any) because there is no agreement among the Arabic states on how certain scientific words are to be spelled or translated. This feeling of disadvantage among educated Egyptians leads to a wasteful boastfulness about what Egyptians actually accomplish. When a new discovery is announced in the United States, an Egyptian doctor or physicist is almost certain to claim that he knew all about it years ago. Unfortunately, such boasts are often believed by the Egyptians, with the sort of disastrous results that were seen in the Sinai campaign. In spite of dependence on the West for training and knowledge, Egyptian students who have studied abroad are deeply suspect, and when they return home are often assigned to tasks far beneath their levels of ability.

Egyptians are even more suspicious of outsiders who arrive to help, unless they come on terms set by the Egyptians and under conditions whereby the Egyptians can claim the accomplishments. While the Russians, for example, have spent hundreds of millions of dollars on the Aswan dam project, it is only the actual visitor to Aswan who realizes how many Russians are engaged in the project. From information in the Egyptian press it would appear that Aswan is an Egyptian project, conceived, designed and built by Egyptians. To be sure, many Egyptians will admit that the Russians were of minor assistance financially, but this was only because the Egyptians were willing to accept the help.

In order to demonstrate equality with the West, Egypt needed a large and well-equipped army. The bigger the army, the more powerful Egypt would be (and the

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more powerful the army officers). Backed by its army, the leaders of Egypt attempted to act as if they were important world figures. Nasser joined with the heads of Yugoslavia and India to form a neutralist third force. Egypt was the first "nonaligned" country to recognize Red China. Egyptian "experts," free from the "taint of capitalism or communism," were dispatched all over Africa and Asia to give advice. Students from all the Islamic countries were (and are) given free scholarships plus room and board to study at Al Azhar, the Egyptian religious university, even though this has been a serious drain on Egyptian resources. Egypt has been the main force in setting up an Arab university in Lebanon to compete with the American university—at a time when its own universities do not have enough revenue to buy outside books or journals or to employ a staff adequate for the swelling enrollments. Egypt, in fact has been led to bankruptcy in an attempt to demonstrate that it is a great power. There is no reason to predict that things will change now because of its defeat by Israel.

Instead, the Egyptians blame the United States or Great Britain for this defeat, and if the Soviet Union refuses to send massive doses of aid they will no doubt soon accuse the Russians of having earlier provided inferior equipment. Their cause seems hopeless but unfortunately for Israel (and for the United States) the Egyptian attitude is not unique. In a sense, Egypt symbolizes all other underdeveloped and emerging peoples. Americans were surprised by the anti-Israel feelings among many of the countries of the world; it arose because most of these countries have many of the same problems and suffer from the same complexes. Luckily, few have quite the same delusions of grandeur. What can be done by Americans? Undoubtedly the United States should send food to areas of the Middle East where starvation is imminent, but can anything be done that might eventually lead to peace? The most constructive move would be for the United States to get together with the Soviet Union and agree on a moratorium of arms shipments to the

Middle Eastern countries. Only after the arms race is curtailed will there be any chance for a long-term settlement. Even then negotiations will be difficult and prolonged, but the best thing the United States and Russia could do in that phase would be to sit on the sidelines, offering only the most discreet advice. It will be a frustrating role, but it is one which we (and the USSR) will have to play with ever greater frequency as the emerging nations seek their roles on the world stage. Thus the Middle East crisis becomes the testing ground for new policies which may serve as a model in other areas; but progress everywhere will be slow.

Arab Coffee Break

MARTHA GELLHORN

Miss Gellhorn is a short story writer and novelist, as well as a famous foreign correspondent. Her latest novel (published in England but not yet out here) is The Lowest Trees Have Tops.

We were drinking Nescafé in the cool, overfurnished parlor of an elderly refugee schoolteacher. A horde of charming, bouncing small children had been pushed out to make room for serious grown-up talk. The children all seemed to be the same age and were, oddly, the teacher's own sons and daughters and his grandchildren. His wife vanished, as is correct. His bright 22-year-old daughter, already the mother of four, crouched outside the door like a beggar, holding a bit of white cloth over her face, and listened.

In 1961, I had made a long tour of the UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon, West Jordan and the Gaza Strip, and I had been at this camp near Jericho before. It is disheartening. The world believes, because it is constantly told, that the Palestinian refugees have lived in physical misery for nineteen years. Middle-class refugees will confide, in private, that their poorer compatriots, those who remain in the camps, owned nothing at home and are no worse off now than before. The majority of refugees, educated, skilled, semi-skilled, live outside the camps and manage like any other Arabs.

The refugees' misery is in the head. They are sick in their minds from a diet of propaganda, official Arab dogma and homemade fantasy, which they have gobbled for nine-

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Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

teen years. Schooled in self-pity, encouraged to believe they are the world's unique victims of injustice, they have never been allowed to forget the daydream past or to settle for the real future. Since the third Arab-Israel war hardly touched them, they learned nothing from it.

The schoolteacher was tired of fire eating and disabused with Nasser. But the rest of the company, three husky chicken farmers, men in their late 20s, a tall, pale, elegantly put together student from Amman University, and a cocky grammar schoolboy, were as devoted to Nasser as ever. Though all except the schoolboy (we took a vote) thought a peace treaty between Jordan and Israel would be a good thing, the young men felt that Nasser must decide.

They had personal problems from the war. The chicken farmers lacked transport. The schoolteacher said his wife was running out of kerosene for cooking. The grammar schoolboy's matriculation exams at Ramallah had been interrupted; when would the Israelis arrange for him to finish? The university student was worried that the Israelis would compel him to repeat his second year instead of continuing straight into his third year, as was fair, at Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He was stunned to hear that Hebrew University teaches in Hebrew. I kept pointing out, in the face of these complaints, that the shooting had ended only ten days earlier.

Then, as on remembered cue, we went into the fantasy phase of conversation. It consists of recounting how many acres of fine fields and orchards, what splendid houses, were left behind in Palestine and stolen by the Jews. There is competition in fantasy ownership: if you add up the lost acreage claimed by the inhabitants of any camp you usually arrive at a total larger than the whole recovered arable land of Israel. One very nice man in another camp told me that he had owned 11,000 acres of citrus groves: legend has it that once the Sultan of Turkey owned that much land in Palestine and sold it to the Rothschilds. But I think this ownership fantasy is the real human core of the Palestinian refugee problem, as opposed to the unreal Arab propaganda problem.

Half the refugees are under 18 years of age; Palestine is a myth taught in school and at home. I do not think that any of these people truly want to return to Israel—not unless the Israelis will give them the country, improved by decades of labor, and obligingly jump in the sea. What the refugees really want is money for their imagined lost possessions. They don't seem to know that, repeatedly since 1949, the Israeli Government has offered compensation, sometimes with conditions, such as a peace treaty, sometimes for nothing. Nor, apparently, do they know that these offers have always been angrily rejected on their behalf by the Arab governments. To accept compensation would be to end the Palestine Refugee Problem. The compensation is there and waiting, but it will never satisfy these people because it is based on fact, not fantasy. If your father owned a recorded 5 acres of land, and you believe he owned 500 acres, you are bound to feel bitter and cheated by an exact repayment.

"Why can't we go on a bus to see Israel?" the schoolboy asked. He was the best linguist. "What is it like?" How to put it quickly, in our limited mutual supply of words? "Everyone works very hard," I said. That is the basic description of Israel.

"Works very hard?" he repeated with horror, and was annoyed when I laughed.

"What do you think about the English and American planes for Israel?" he asked, black eyes gleaming.

"A lie. There were none."

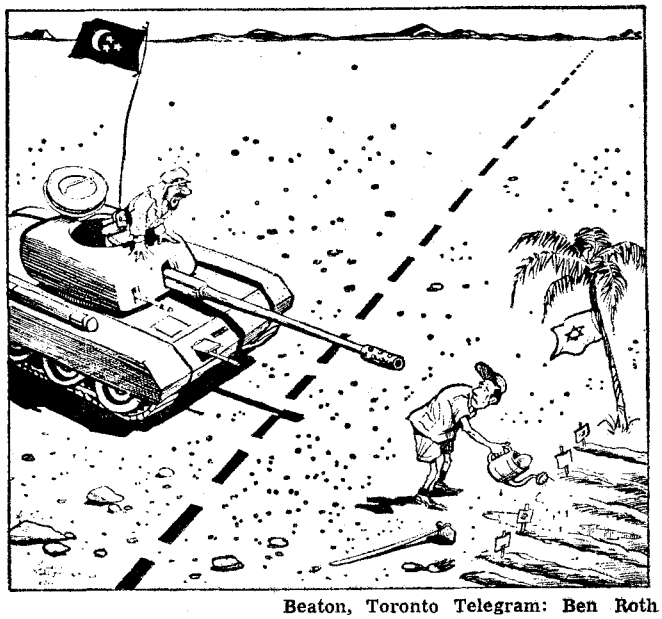
"Every Arab believes it. There were. The planes helped the Israelis. What about the oil blockade?" Translations into Arabic for the chicken farmers and the teacher, who understood no English.

"I think it will hurt the Arabs most. How will they live if they don't sell oil?"

"Russians will buy the oil," the boy said proudly, "and India and Vietnam. Arabs will not suffer."

"What would have happened to the Jews if the Arabs had won?" I was taking a little Gallup poll on that one. The university student translated and the six men muttered together for some time.

"Very terrible," the boy summed up. "All dead."



Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

"You're Crowding Me"

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Out of the blue, remarks of the schoolteacher were translated. "Eshkol and Dayan are very good."

"Why does he say that?"

"Because all is peaceful," the university student said. "We must live in peace with the Jews."

"King Hussein is very good," the boy interrupted. "We like him very much now he went to Cairo to see Nasser." Repeated in Arabic; general nodding agreement. The schoolteacher looked weary and offered more coffee and cigarettes.

"Educated refugees make money and have a good life," the university student observed suddenly. "In Amman we go to our classes with girls. That is very good. Can I go back to Ammann University because I cannot speak Hebrew?"

The visiting males filed out, thus freeing the bright 22-year-old daughter from veiled exile by the door. She spoke passionately; I feared that I had offended some mysterious female code. "What does she say?" I asked the boy, a friend of the family and too young to require a woman's hidden face and silence. He grinned, embarrassed by her outburst.

"She says: Finish Nasser. Finish Shukairy. Finish Hussein. Enough. Enough. Peace. Peace."

It is a great pity that Arab women have no voice in Arab politics.

THE TOMBS OF BEN SUC

'TOO BLIND STUPID TO SEE'

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky, who teaches Chinese at Dartmouth College, is co-author of Peace in Vietnam *(Hill & Wang). This year he is visiting professor in the Schweitzer Program at New York University. Mr. Mirsky has just returned from his latest visit to Vietnam.*

In the first fortnight of January, 1967, the village of Ben Suc, north of Saigon, was obliterated by bulldozers. The 3,800 Vietnamese villagers were disposed of in various ways: forty were shot when they tried to flee the encircling American forces, 100 "Vietcong suspects" were taken away to prison, the rest were bundled off in trucks and landing barges down the Saigon River to a refugee camp. All this was done to eliminate what *The New York Times* called an "embarrassing problem" for the Saigon government. Also, it was designed to provide additional room to maneuver for the First Division during Operation Cedar Falls which swept back and forth across the Iron Triangle.

During August I saw the Iron Triangle and Ben Suc, talked to the Vietnamese survivors of Cedar Falls, and interviewed some of the participating Americans. The lessons of Ben Suc are numerous and many of the protagonists have learned them very well.

The largest American base near Ben Suc is Bien Hoa, less than 20 miles from Saigon. The night before I went out to Bien Hoa to visit an American friend at Third Corps Headquarters, I had a drink with a young technician stationed in Vietnam to assist in the installation of navigation equipment at the Saigon airport. He filled me with stories of *American* ineptitude and *Vietnamese* skill (a switch from the usual anti-Vietnamese ear bending one endures in Saigon) and ended the evening by leaning forward and murmuring confidentially: "Professor, you know what? Most Americans out here are too blind stupid to see it, but all Vietnamese have written invisibly on their chests 'I am a Vietnamese. I am a human being. Please treat me as such.' "

With this admonition still in my ears I drove down to Bien Hoa with a friendly AID man who was to deliver me to my host. In his fresh cords and neat tie he could have been catching the 8:24 from White Plains—except for the pistol I spotted in his attaché case. Ben Suc lay heavily on my mind and it turned out that my companion had been in charge of the refugees on January 8 when the operation began. My acquaintance of the evening before might have been pleased by the AID man's compassion: "Ben Suc was about the nicest, lushest village you ever saw. There were shade trees and big houses with tile roofs, strong cattle and hard ferry landings so the people could bathe on the banks of the river." He asserted, however, that the 3,800 villagers were "mostly VC families, and had been for twenty-five years."

A great problem for those planning the operation, he said, was that no refugee camp could be set up beforehand: to do so would have tipped the hand of the planners. The "refugees" (Webster says: "Refugee . . . one who flees to a place of safety") with their animals and belongings found themselves transported initially to shelters holding ten families, each family in 10 x 20 feet. "Several hundred people," he said, have "filtered back" to the Ben Suc area, although it is now a Free Fire Zone (anything moving is an unquestioned target) in which they "must take their chances." Ben Suc is not a "secure area."

What then, I asked, was accomplished? He replied that an assembly point had been "denied" to a VC battalion and that a significant VC Headquarters may have fallen as well. He hadn't seen the refugees since six days after the investing of Ben Suc ("I wasn't on that job too long") but he believed their accommodations to be better than before. Also, "the Vietnamese, unlike Europeans, are very capable refugees."

When I arrived in Bien Hoa, I discovered that my old friend was now a very important AID man in Third Corps (twelve provinces) operations. And he, too,

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had played a significant role at Ben Suc. He plunged straight into accounts of the raid given by the *Times* and *The New Yorker* (journals much maligned as "trouble making" by his colleagues), which he regarded as generally accurate. All refugee operations are horrible, he agreed, remarking further that he might justly be convicted as a war criminal for his role in this one. But after all, "it was best for all concerned if the villagers were moved." Contradicting his colleague with whom I had just driven out, he insisted that any idea of Ben Suc as a prosperous village was "bullshit"; he mentioned particularly that there were no schools.

"All refugee movements are miserable, but this was the most successful in the history of the world," because the people were allowed a long time to move and could bring their animals. The AID people were forced, he said, to argue fiercely against the army's scheme for Ben Suc: to knock out all 3,800 villagers with gas sprayed from the air, and let them wake up after they had been carted unconscious to a "secure" site. My friend told me he insisted during the operational planning that this would create 3,800 "instant Vietcong," and persuaded the top echelon to allow a peaceful move over an "extended period." Naturally, some people in Ben Suc were VC and tried to escape, which explains the shootings and imprisonments. But it was not true, he continued, that the village was VC; it was basically "friendly—with a VC infrastructure of course." The army spread the story of Ben Suc being a Vietcong village in order to make its destruction more acceptable in America.

I announced that I wished to visit the Ben Suc area to see what remained. My friend, who had already offered me every facility including a personal helicopter, replied that Ben Suc was now a "hotly contested area, a Free Fire Zone," and that if I landed I wouldn't last fifteen seconds.

What, I wanted to know, was gained by the removal of the 3,800 people eight months before? "They were saved from the cross fire of war."

An hour later I was flying—or rather swooping—over the Iron Triangle. Under normal circumstances a three-man helicopter must be man's most marvelous form of locomotion, diving and soaring, hovering and banking high and low. It offered me a horribly perfect and perfectly horrible view. The term Iron Triangle is journalese. Far from being a Maginot Line-like area, it is—or rather was—many square miles of flat, delta farming country, full of trees, paddies, ponds, streams, dikes and—once—villages and people. Colors of brilliant green and earth brown predominated.

All is changed. The Americans have, as my pilot said, "lowered the vegetation." Thousands of trees have been knocked over to afford vast "fields of fire." The paddies, now rusty metallic colors, were sprayed to prevent further rice planting, and are full of gigantic B-52 bomb craters, shell holes from the constant cannonading, and dive-bomb holes. Operation Cedar Falls, begun more than eight months ago, has settled into day after day of constant pounding from artillery and air, turning the whole once fertile shimmering farmland into a moonscape, in which the only human remains are the stone tombs of the Vietnamese which used to surround the villages.

The irony is that the First Division still hardly dares venture into the area. My helicopter scooted through a steady barrage, saved from a shell below or a bomb above because the pilot constantly alerted Forward Observers about our course. Somehow, miraculously, magically, despite the hourly battering that must make their teeth rattle, the Vietcong lurk in their holes, caves and tunnels, eating and drinking God knows what, but prepared to shoot anyone who ventures into what is clearly acknowledged to be their terrain. That explains why I was told not to land at Ben Suc.

Everything, I suppose, is relative. As we flew over this lunatic wasteland my pilot said: "One year ago this was strictly Victor Charlie. Now, it's calmed down considerably." About thirty seconds later he added: "Chances are if we have to make a forced landing it would be quite a while before the VC got to us. Plenty of time for a rescue."

Then we were over Ben Suc. All the reports are right. There is nothing there. Great brown bulldozer swirls replace the village. The pilot spoke in my ear: "I walked down there—there used to be a street—and saw the people sitting in front of their houses." We hovered, moved slightly, hovered again. We were about 100 feet up and I had to battle a sudden urge to leap from the helicopter onto the bulldozer scars as a—useless—apology to the 3,800.

Before I could unbuckle myself we were shooting back the way we came. The pilot continued, ever helpful and instructive: "We bomb the paddies by day to deny food to the VC . . . as a matter of fact we destroy pretty much anything that might be useful. Those B-52 raids are

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something. You never know when they're coming. They can't be heard. Too high. Sometimes we bomb at night, so Charlie's out harvesting and suddenly the whole world falls in around his ears."

As we flew across the Saigon River and over "friendly" territory, the contrast was startling. It was the "before" part of the picture: neatly articulated rice paddies, canals, the normal colors of nature, plenty of trees, and amongst the trees—*people,* in hamlets and villages, densely strung together. "Lowering the vegetation" entails more than knocking down coconut palms.

But the refugee settlement at Lai Chu is not like a Vietnamese village in any respect, whether in environment, arrangement of houses or population make-up. Villages in this part of Vietnam are typically somewhat random in layout, interspersed with trees, bushes, gardens, ponds and grass. The gridlike pattern of Lai Chu in its grassless, treeless, waterless, red-brown setting deceives the airborne observer into thinking he is looking down on an army camp. Five hundred and eighteen families live here in cement-block, aluminum-roofed, one-room "dwellings" (the official word), each backed by a small garden.

The two Americans in charge are fully dedicated to the welfare of the refugees—they must be to live in this bare and unpleasant place, housed in trailers and living on tinned PX food. I was taken round by one of the Americans, a recent junior college graduate and Navy veteran of Vietnam, now married to a Vietnamese. He is employed by the International Rescue Committee.

The people of Lai Chu built their own houses with American-supplied materials. For their labor they were paid in American cooking oil, which they exchanged in the neighboring village for other goods. Why, I asked, were they not paid in cash? "There isn't any. Besides, this way the oil gets onto the market and everybody's happy." (I used to hear the same explanation in Taiwan for why U.S. AID powdered milk was allowed to be sold —it "got into the economy.")

Each family in Lai Chu had received a plot of land from the government. To the surprise of the Americans, only 100 of the 518 families have claimed their deeds. "They don't seem enthusiastic about farming." I soon learned that more than half the families are without menfolk; many are in jail, the NLF, the ARVN or dead. Furthermore, there is little water at Lai Chu and these people are rice farmers. The Americans want them to cultivate peanuts and sweet potatoes, which meets with little response although the tools and seeds are waiting.

The young American seemed genuinely troubled that the people of Lai Chu do not claim or work their land. A good deal of international concern arose over Ben Suc and dozens of visitors arrive to see what has become of the villagers. The camp is supposed to be a model, a "showcase." I said that I saw no reason why the refugees should trust the Americans or do anything they suggest, since it is we who destroyed their homes and uprooted their lives. He looked hurt. "But we tell them we don't work for the U.S., or for Saigon. We just want to help them."

During our conversation two American enlisted men who have formed an attachment to Lai Chu showed up with a truckload of scrap lumber. All of the visible men—about four, none of whom was young—scrambled onto the truck, and began dropping the enormous boards onto the ground while a crowd of women and children watched, standing carefully in the meager shade of their houses to avoid the sun's glare. The boards would be used to improve the interiors of their houses. I stood with the people and asked them questions about their lives.

Were they getting enough rice? No, they weren't. Back at Bien Hoa I had been warned not to believe this "inevitable" story, it was only a "gripe" . . . except that the young American agreed with them. They were "*supposed* to be getting it from the Province; but someone is sitting on it—I've heard rumors about the Vietnamese refugee administration selling the rice." (It later developed that the Vietnamese official in charge was "away" and his storehouse locked.)

I asked other questions as they crowded around, old ladies with betel-stained toothless mouths, young matrons, dozens of children. Obviously, they thought I had come to do something for them; this made me feel helpless because I certainly couldn't help them at all. I could only pry further into their miserable lives.

Why didn't they farm their plots? "We are rice farmers. We have no water. We know nothing about peanuts." What did they want most? "Rice to eat, rice to plant, a school, a pagoda, a medical center . . . ." The interpreter added, sadly: "They want everything."

Remembering that my friend had said there had been no school in Ben Suc, I asked if their children had been to school there. Yes, yes. But they had stopped sending the children for some time because, afraid of the constant bombing, they preferred to keep them at home. (Back at Bien Hoa this was greeted with disbelief. The bombing was going on *near,* not *in* Ben Suc, so why not send the

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children to school? The villagers had in fact good reason to be afraid: Ben Suc had been bombed in 1965.)

If the war were over, would they stay in their new, clean village, or return to Ben Suc which they knew no longer existed?

"We would return. We are rice farmers, and there is water there and our family graves."

What if the Vietcong were there? (In Vietnam it is always important to treat the Vietcong as separate, and in no way connected with anyone present.)

"Oh, no! We would stay here!"

This delighted the American who was listening. Looking at me triumphantly, he said it proved that, although the villagers found life hard here, they wanted nothing to do with Victor Charlie. I persisted. Why, if the war were over, would they prefer to stay away from Ben Suc with the VC in it?

They all began speaking at once. The interpreter said: "They are afraid. If they return to Ben Suc and the Vietcong are there, the Americans will come back and destroy the village again."

Later, sitting in the trailer of the second AID man I found yet another veteran of the Ben Suc operation, an army colonel, one of whose peripheral jobs was keeping an eye on Lai Chu. After telling me how regularly the refugees received their rice (I think he believed it) and hearing the opposite from me, he told me with great seriousness of his difficulties in getting the Vietnamese authorities to cooperate in administering this kind of help.

I pointed out that since *we* had taken total responsibility for wiping out Ben Suc, we also had ultimate responsibility for the survivors, particularly in the light of our infinite resources. The colonel agreed. Turning to the AID man, I asked him to say frankly how he would feel if the refugees went back to Ben Suc as they said they would in the event of peace. He replied he would be "very disappointed" because he "honestly" felt that he could provide a better life for them in Lai Chu than they could find at Ben Suc.

Back in January, this same colonel had been reported as being full of enthusiasm for the Ben Suc operation. As he rose to leave, I asked him if he would recommend more Ben Sucs elsewhere. He looked at me silently and suddenly said: "No. The Brass are after me to go after a much bigger place. I've been fighting them for five months. It's not a good idea. We can't deal with this kind of problem. To tell you the truth, I don't think we can afford any more Ben Sucs."

THE DISCOUNT ON 'GORGEOUS'

SEN. PHILIP A. HART

Senator Hart (D. Mich.), chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, is the author of the Truth in Packaging Bill and co-sponsor of the Truth in Lending Bill.

Washington

The average consumer in this country today is so bathed in therapy from morning to night that our emotional health must be unparalleled, if intensification of treatment is any test. There is no anxiety that is not matched by a manufactured product promising quick, soothing relief. Really, for only pennies each day, there is a way to stop worrying about anything.

Ban takes the worry out of being close. And what Ban leaves undone, the pill presumably will take care of. And if you are worried about being far apart, the Bell system provides a ready answer every evening after 9. Sure you're worried about pleasing your in-laws, but it is only a matter of choosing the right cake mix. Feel guilty about leaving the children for a bridge game? Well, nothing is so loving as something from the oven and here is a manufacturer that promises to do it best. And clearly no socially unsuccessful person in his right mind would seek out professional counseling until he had tried the right mouth wash, if the late-show intermission is to be believed. Certainly, we all know how a prudent choice of hair lotion will plunge you headlong (if you'll excuse the expression) into romance.

Now, there's nothing new about inflated sales claims. We all know that a hundred years ago the same thing was going on. Snake oils were being sold to cure anything from summer catarrh to women's complaint. The only difference was that we were exposed to far fewer of these claims in the course of any single day. At any rate, we hear, what harm is there in these claims? Nobody believes them anyway. Exactly: nobody believes them anyway.

During hearings on a Truth in Packaging Bill that I authored (and Congress passed anyway), the renowned motivational researcher, Dr. Ernest Dichter, made what seemed a telling point. He had been hired by a co-op with a number of marketing problems. One of them was that the co-op was buying the same canned peaches as a competing supermarket, only the competitor was labeling the peaches as "gorgeous" while the co-op more modestly labeled theirs as "reasonably good." The competing supermarket was selling a lot more peaches.

Dr. Dichter reasoned that the housewife was buying the "gorgeous" peaches because she had been trained for several decades to apply the same psychological disbelief to both statements. Thus, she figured that the supermarket peaches were probably fairly good and the co-op peaches were probably poor. The solution that repaired the damage to co-op was simply a label description that read "magnificent, Class A." The doctor went on to estimate that the citizenry automatically discounts 40 or 50 per cent of those statements made by advertisers—and often, too, by politicians.

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When it comes to exaggeration, politicians are not without a certain susceptibility. The politician who makes the papers is the one who "condemns" an idea or "blasts" an opponent. A balanced and reasonable political statement—after that automatic 40 per cent discount has been applied to it—is bland indeed. So with a public conditioned to exaggeration, no politician is likely to describe his peach of an idea as "reasonably good."

Exaggeration feeds on itself. Each time that collective "psychological disbelief" goes up a notch, exaggeration responds in kind. Hyperbole has never been uncommon with us, but with the growth of mass media in the past twenty-five years, it comes at us constantly and from all sides. Where fifty years ago a citizen might have entertained himself by reading a mystery novel about one murder, now he may watch a dozen victims fall in a single half-hour show. Television heroes are certainly more often "gorgeous" than "reasonably good." The watcher of the heralded "grand TV spectacular" settles himself down to watch mediocre vaudeville. The modern man finds himself applying the automatic 40 per cent discount a hundred times a day.

Is this bad? I don't know. But thinking about it, one tends to dwell on two issues that account for domestic unrest in this country today. First, the growing suspicion that the American Negro has of the American white and his increasing doubts of white sincerity. In a word, disbelief. Second, the doubt and uncertainty that many in the nation feel about our Far Eastern involvement. The "credibility gap" if you like; but, in a word, disbelief.

Now, we may argue endlessly whether this disbelief was the result of the exaggerated promise or of the automatic discount. The objective observer will probably conclude that it is a combination of the two. We have passed reasonably good civil rights bills that were described as gorgeous by proponents eager to amass maximum credit. Equal opportunity is still more evident in speeches than in practice. But it is also probably true that the automatic discount that these practices invited was also applied to the very real progress that *has* been made. As to Vietnam: no it is not a great, unselfish crusade for the preservation of democracy, but the automatic discount that implication invites has also been applied to some very valid reasons for involvement.

I have no intention of examining just who is exaggerating too much and who is discounting too much, but it seems to me perhaps not unreasonable to wonder whether the exaggeration-discount syndrome is not beginning to play a significant role in social intercourse and political affairs. I wonder if Gresham's Law on coinage might not apply to philosophy, with exaggeration and skepticism driving out the reasoned statement and the balanced view.

It is, of course, ridiculous to pretend that our civil rights problems can be laid entirely to television commercials or that questions about Vietnam are inspired by a breakdown of commercial integrity. The mass media are certainly not the only transmitters of puffed statements. But a society that finds it necessary to discount everything is not a trustful society. And without trust, a civilized nation will find it difficult to endure.

CANCER FUND

THE IDLE MILLIONS

STEVE PELLETIERE
Mr. Pelletiere is a staff writer on the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Frederick C. Auforth, Registrar of Charitable Trusts for the state of California, is currently fighting with the local division of the American Cancer Society over some $4 million. Auforth says the division is hoarding this amount, refusing to spend it on cancer victims. The division, of course, denies the charge. The dispute has wide significance because foundations (among which private charities like the Cancer Society are included) are growing at a dramatic rate and supervision over them is inadequate. California attempts to keep a strict watch on such organizations, but its vigilance is not typical. Only a handful of states have tried even to register the foundations doing business within their borders. The Internal Revenue Service's policy toward them has been most permissive.

The Registrar in California, by presuming to tell the richest subdivision of America's largest voluntary health organization how it can spend its money, is walking into a job which no one hitherto (perhaps with the exception of Rep. Wright Patman) has dared undertake. The fight started last June, when Auforth wrote to the division's *de facto* head, Executive Vice President Allen Kolb, asking why the division was saving up so much money. Auforth's records showed that in 1963, the American Cancer Society in California had assets, in round figures, of $5 million; by 1964 they had grown to $6 million; by 1965 to $7 million and, after a record year in 1966, to $8.5 million. (Under its charter, the division hands over to the national office 40 per cent of what it collects in its annual fund drive, but Auforth's figures represent amounts held in California *after* the central headquarters got its cut.)

Registrar Auforth's letter was not released to the newspapers, but the *San Francisco Chronicle* got hold of a copy, and one of its reporters went straight to Kolb. He is a ruddy, affable man who drinks black coffee continuously. Over a cup, in his spacious offices, he seemed inclined to dismiss Auforth's letter. Kolb's explanation was that the Registrar was raising a storm over nothing more important than different bookkeeping styles. For

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example, the division pays *before* it goes, taking cash on hand as of August 31, the end of its fiscal year, and applying it to the next year's projected expenses. In this way, Kolb said, the division could have on hand $8.5 million as of August 31, 1966, and still—as of September 1, 1966—commit the entire sum.

That in fact is what happened, he said, and offered the following breakdown: Of the $8.5 million, some $4 million was earmarked for operating state and county headquarters in 1966-67; $2.5 million was tied up in restricted legacies, and $2 million remained in uncommitted funds, of which $1.5 million represented a "program supplementation fund" and $500,000 a general purpose reserve. According to Kolb, the only money the division was hanging onto was that last half million.

The reporter wanted to know what the general purpose reserve was for. Kolb said that the division maintained several cancer fighting projects of its own. After giving its 40 per cent to National, it financed individual cancer research projects at California schools, and provided patient care for cancer victims in California counties. When these individual projects were in need of cash, they dipped into the general purpose reserve. But as Kolb explained it, the program supplementation fund and the general purpose reserve seem to perform much the same function.

As for the "restricted legacies," it turned out that the bulk of them was actually one legacy, a $2 million bequest, left to the division in 1947 by Irene Dernham, and scheduled, according to the terms of the bequest, to be liquidated by 1970. Yearly, it awards Dernham Fellowships to promising young scientists who will do cancer research in California schools. Under the terms of Miss Dernham's will, the division, *not* the American Cancer Society, administers this sizable trust.

Auforth's letter and Kolb's explanation appeared in the *Chronicle* on June 25. No attempt was made to put the division in a bad light, but evidently a threatened investigation of the respected Cancer Society was provocation enough. The following day, the Registrar's offices were overrun with reporters and television people. To these, Auforth refused comment other than to repeat his letter. In San Francisco, Kolb reiterated his explanation that the Division's reserve was only $500,000.

Not one of the reporters questioned Kolb further. That says a good deal for the prestige of the Cancer Society, for Kolb's explanation was really full of contradictions. For example, if the $1.5 million program supplementation fund and the smaller $500,000 general purpose reserve perform the same function, why separate them by label? And someone should have asked how much of these two funds was used last year. As it turned out, the program supplementation fund was tapped for only $78,000; the general purpose reserve was never touched. Why tie up more than $2 million in two reserves, from which you draw such a piddling amount?

Another question which should have been raised was how much of the Dernham Trust had been paid out. Here the answer is provocative: The trust came to the division in 1963, valued at slightly more than $2 million. By 1967 its value had *increased* to $2.3 million. It seemed that the division was spending only the income on Dernham Fellowships. For example, last year the trust, invested in U.S. Treasury stocks, earned $96,000; the division paid out $115,000 to twenty-six Dernham Fellows. At that rate the division could count on still having a sizable chunk of the Dernham money ten years hence, long after the total bequest is supposed to have been spent.

It did appear, from Kolb's explanation and subsequent findings, that the division was accumulating a tremendous amount of capital. At least $2 million, if the $1.5 million program supplementation fund was considered reserve, plus the general purpose reserve—more than *$4 million,* if you also counted the Dernham Trust.

Kolb had replied to Auforth in the press, but had still to answer him directly. This he did on July 25. His letter reinforced all of Auforth's and the *Chronicle*'s suspicions. It seemed that between the date of the *Chronicle*'s story and Kolb's letter to Auforth, the division took steps which, in effect, practically wiped out the program supplementation fund. Big chunks of it were plowed into cancer fighting projects: $430,000 went, in the form of a contribution, to National for research; $41,000 went for Cytology Fellowships; $150,000 was transferred to the Dernham Fund to buy more Dernham Fellowships. And Kolb promised to spend another $600,000 of the program supplementation fund in 1967-68. The next to last item, the transferral of $150,000 to the Dernham, is the most revealing. The Trust is supposed to be exhausted by 1970, but instead of working it down, the division was squirreling another $150,000 into its account! That makes no sense, unless the purpose was to unburden the division of an awkward accumulation of cash.

On August 28, Auforth again wrote Kolb, to make this point and to raise again all the same points about the Dernham, the general purpose reserve and the program supplementation fund, cited above. His letter concluded by repeating his original request:

> We must continue to pose the question of the necessity for steadily increasing accumulation of your capital over the past four years. Our further look at this matter leads us to believe that, *even on a most conservative basis* (italics supplied) there is an excess accumulation of capital at August 31, 1966, which amounts to $1.9 million. This excess capital, together with the Dernham Fund, represents a total sum of $4,248,000 which the Society should make definite plans to disburse for its intended purposes in the near future.

Auforth's letter appeared in the *Chronicle* on August 31. The division asked the *Chronicle* for space to answer it. However, their reply made no mention of the $1.9 million, nor did it offer any explanation of the transfer of cash from the program supplementation fund to the Dernham. It insisted that "what Mr. Auforth calls excessive accumulation is actually money received from legacies." The answer then went on to explain that the division depended on legacies to finance local cancer projects. Some years it doesn't get very many legacies and then it dips into its legacy reserve to keep its local

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projects going. Of course, this only raises another question: Why, when the division has $1.5 million lying around practically untouched, plus $500,000 definitely untouched, does it need to finance anything with its legacy money?

The division-Registrar battle is only beginning. It will undoubtedly drag on for some while—especially as the Attorney General became personally involved after the last round of letters. So it's really too early to draw conclusions. Out of fairness to the division, though, one point ought to be made.

The division, apparently, is not doing anything illegal. It can account for every dollar it ever took in through its fund drives and from bequests. On the other hand, this fact alone constitutes serious criticism. It appears that the division not only can account for all its money but is still holding onto a large portion of it. Kolb, in short, is running the division like a business and, as Registrar Auforth maintains, a charity is not a business.

For example, the division's money was disposed of as follows before it paid off National last year: $6 million was in savings accounts; $320,000 in checking accounts; $1.5 million in Time Certificates of Deposit, and $2 million in investments, of which all but $150,000 was in United States Government securities. (These are only the outstanding sums.) If one thing can be said about this method of investing, it is that it is safe. The bulk of the division's money is in banks. In fact, Kolb told Auforth it was the National's policy to insist on banking its money—to avoid stock speculation.

That is an excellent way for a charity to operate—if that charity is dedicated to licking its disease quickly, since then its money will be spent almost as soon as it gets it. But, the division clearly isn't trying to land a knockout blow. By spending only the income from the Dernham Trust, by holding back millions of dollars to keep projects going in years when the crusade may falter, it is evidently gearing for perpetuity. This may be good business but in the end it mainly benefits the banks.

An example should suffice to show how this comes about. One of Auforth's auditors told the *Chronicle* that the Dernham Trust came to the division as a most impressive stock portfolio. After the division had reinvested the money, its yield went way down. Over all, the division's money is earning less than 6 per cent interest. Considering the amount it has to invest, a good stockbroker could get it more than twice that amount, and do so by investing in blue chip stocks, about which there would be very little uncertainty.

Even at this early stage of the investigation it may be possible to place some blame, because the division does seem to be unduly influenced by the banks. In the minutes of its June 15 fund-raising committee meeting, held in Los Angeles, one of its directors stated that the division was depositing "upwards of $8 million a year" in Bay Area banks. The division's treasurer is also general manager and vice president of one of California's largest banks.

There are three main areas in which a private charity, such as the American Cancer Society, can abuse its tax-exempt status: (1) if its trustees speculate with its assets for personal gain; (2) if it spends the bulk of its money on fund raising and administration and, finally, if it accumulates its money, refusing to disburse it for its intended purposes. This last practice seems to be a particular failing of the business intellect, which sees nothing wrong in building up large cash reserves. From the standpoint of the cancer victim, however, it certainly isn't right. The millions of dollars safely socked away in bank vaults are not fighting the disease.

Earlier it was said that California had the strictest control on private charity of any state. That is true, but it needs qualification. California is doing more than any other state, but the activity is still woefully inadequate. California's Registry of Charitable Trusts has only two auditors. There are 7,500 charitable trusts (private charities included) in the state, controlling more than $2.5 billion in assets. By no stretch of the imagination can two auditors ride herd on 7,500 trusts with that much money.

Auforth has requested eight additional auditors plus a deputy. If he gets them—and the Cancer fight may be enough to shock the legislature into granting his request—California will then have, not only the best trust regulatory body in the country but the only one equipped to do an effective job. The abuses a really effective Registry could uncover might bring about regulation on the federal level.

Antaeus and Hercules *(Continued from page 390)*

decline in the private sector." Nat Goldfinger, AFL-CIO: "Until we achieve some better balance in the private economy the increases in defense expenditures will be essentially off-setting weaknesses in private activity." Raymond J. Saulnier, Barnard College: "It is now quite plain that the U.S. economy has successfully staved off the overall recession threatened earlier this year. A downturn did occur, but owing to a strongly rising volume of defense spending, it was mild. . . ."

Hobart Rowen, the economic columnist of *The Washington Post,* wrote to the same effect on July 2: "Obviously, the Johnson Administration anticipates that much of that zip will develop from the unhappy need to expand the war." Of course there is always the problem of distributing the economic zip more or less equitably, and on this delicate point the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. of New York makes some observations in a piece titled "Defense Spending: Before and Since Vietnam": "Complete data on contract placements are not yet available for fiscal 1967, but the pattern . . . is discernible in earlier figures. Between fiscal 1965 and fiscal 1966, the sharpest increases in order placements occurred in ammunition (up almost 270 per cent), textiles and clothing (up more than 240 per cent), vehicles (up more than 80 per cent), weapons (up almost 70 per cent), and food (up 60 per cent). By contrast, the dollar total of military contracts placed for missile and space systems declined slightly. . . . Thus many of the older industrial communities in the East and Midwest, long bases of traditional industries, have felt a re-

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newed upsurge of military orders. Conversely, parts of the West Coast which have attracted the newer aerospace and electronics enterprises have seen military contracts decline relatively, even though their contract totals remain large in absolute terms."

Even so, there are those in the financial community who have some doubts about the ongoing character of the boom, among them J. A. Livingston. Not so long ago Mr. Livingston wrote in his syndicated financial column: "Vietnam has been to the current boom what the earth was to Antaeus—a source of invigoration. Each time the economy has faltered, federal outlays have boosted aggregate demand. Antaeus was able to best all comers because every time he touched the ground he regained strength, while his opponent tired. But Hercules discovered Antaeus' secret, held him aloft and strangled him. Will current prosperity develop a hidden weakness? Will Vietnam, as the fount of everlasting strength, give out? Shame on me! To ask the question is to doomsay."

The Victims

In our issue of May 29 we commended Sen. Edward Kennedy for launching an investigation of civilian casualties in Vietnam. Open hearings before Senator Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees are now being held. The Senator says he arranged the hearings in order to persuade the government to recognize the situation and "rearrange its priorities." He feels that simple compassion should be acknowledged as a factor in politics; in this case, that it would bring the peoples of South Vietnam and the United States closer together. It is obvious, as a corollary, that the enormous toll of wounded civilians, and the neglect resulting from lack of hospital facilities, must be contributing to the rising tide of anti-Americanism.

As a result of Mr. Kennedy's probing, an official six-man investigating team was sent to Vietnam by the Agency for International Development. This group was headed by Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, executive vice president of the American Medical Association, and the other members were equally distinguished physicians. They reported that it is impossible to estimate accurately the number of civilian casualties or the cause of their injuries, but their impression was that an estimate of 75,000 per year is too high. Official U.S. and Vietnamese reports place the number at about 50,000. Even if the lower figure is accepted, the situation is appalling, since the medical facilities are primitive and the suffering of those who survive must be excruciating. Thousands of Vietnamese noncombatants who might recover in U.S.-operated hospitals either die or are permanently crippled. Our country is accumulating a load of guilt in Vietnam that can never be expiated—and that Asians will never forget.

To make the situation worse, in *The New York Times* of October 10, Neil Sheehan reports from Washington that AID intends to reduce its budget for medical assistance to South Vietnam this year, despite recommendations to the contrary from Dr. Blasingame's field team. A blunt comment on an increasingly deplorable situation comes from a member of the Blasingame mission, Dr. John H. Knowles, general director of the Massachusetts General Hospital. "The medical program and civilian casualties," says Dr. Knowles, "have been put at the lowest and dirtiest end of the stick."

Dr. Henry Mayer of Redwood City, Calif., has also been to Vietnam as one of three representatives of the Committee for Responsibility. The other two members are Dr. John Constable, a plastic surgeon from Boston, and Dr. Theodore Tapper, a Philadelphia pediatrician. A summary of their findings appears in an interview with Dr. Mayer in the June 29 issue of the *Bay Guardian* of San Francisco. In the countryside, about 150 Vietnamese doctors are available to care for nearly 12 million people. Many of the physicians are poorly trained by American standards—some are not aware that in blood transfusions patient and donor must be matched for blood type. Only about 2 per cent of the South Vietnamese budget goes to the Ministry of Health. There is one hospital for each of forty-six provinces. These facilities are now swamped with thousands of war casualties, most of them attributable to American bombardment and artillery fire. A few hospitals manage to provide decent care, but for the most part the conditions would horrify our public—if it knew about them.

It is of the most utmost importance that the three physicians who represented the Committee for Responsibility should be heard by the Kennedy committee, and that the United States should cease to regard the situation among Vietnamese noncombatants with callous equanimity.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 386)*

less. They represent another great hoax typical of this perilous period.

There are at least ten nations now capable of making atomic weapons without the assistance of the Soviet Union or the United States. And unless the two polar powers soon agree to dispose of their nuclear weapons, these powers will produce them regardless of any treaty agreements made at Geneva. This is my judgment that the sooner this proliferation on a gigantic scale takes place, the sooner will the United States and the Soviet Union become willing to dispose of their stockpiles. Once the nuclear monopoly is destroyed, the blackmail value of nuclear weapons will disappear and a treaty banning their manufacture and possession will then become possible.

During the period of proliferation, nuclear deterrence will have to be relied upon for security as now. As an illustration of what I mean: if China had an adequate nuclear weapons arsenal now I am confident that the United States would not have 500,000 troops deployed in Southeast Asia. There would now be no threat of nuclear war in that area.

Hugh B. Hester
Brig. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Novel, USA: Mailerrhea

WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM? *By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 208 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS
Mr. Samuels, who teaches at Williams College, is at work on a critical study of Henry James.

> Half the people in this country think they are possessed of genius. It is no accident, you see, that I run for President of the literary world.
>
> *Norman Mailer (Self-Interview in New York Times Book Review)*

> Style is the right feeling animating the voice. *Denis Donoghue (Reviewing Mailer in New York Review of Books)*

> It is the nature of fiction not to be good for much else unless it is good in itself. *Flannery O'Connor*

If style is right feeling, it would seem to follow that one needn't bother about the right word, and fiction may be valued not for its proper music but for the echoes it sets off. Then genius could be conferred through consensus, immortality won by campaign. As the reception of Mailer's new novel suggests, electing a president might then prove as disheartening in literature as it has been in politics.

That the book is less notable than its reviews should suit a writer who lives primarily outside his fiction. It is "for the sake of what is harshly exemplary or paradoxically instructive in [Mailer]," Richard Gilman once said, that we should "remain exposed to his messianism, autocanonizations, tantrums, headstands, stripteases and deteriorating prose." Even a sober critic like Stanley Kauffmann finds Mailer exemplary, if only because "he epitomizes . . . the American inability . . . to handle our material." In more innocent times, such an "epitome" was called a "flop"; today, uncontrol is a sign of relevance. Since Mailer is "frantic with disgusts that plague many of us," as Kauffmann asserts, his personal incompetence symbolizes a national mood of crisis.

Though basically specious, viewing Mailer as a ritual agonist once had some validity. But in *An American Dream* and *Cannibals and Christians* the deteriorating prose is rather suppurating, and the exemplifications have become less appealing than Mailer's former iconoclasm. In *Partisan Review*, Leo Bersani maintained that *An American Dream* is a masterpiece because it is illogical and orgiastic, yet most readers are unlikely to think such traits positive. To espouse them is to encourage a decline into incoherent and wild aggression that must sadden Mailer's old friends. Despite his clownishness, Mailer used to be admirably fresh and hopeful. Lately, he has come to resemble a madhouse performer, gaped at because his disability keeps him from seeming a threat.

Perhaps that is why critics are so solicitous. "One of the important things about Mailer," according to *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll, "is that somehow one really roots for him." If talent could be guaranteed by so charitable a method, Mailer would surely be the genius he so often proclaims himself. Appropriately, those celebrating his latest work appear to have expended more serious effort than the master. (*Why Are We In Vietnam?* was written in four months to fulfill a contract, Mailer manfully confessed in the *Times*.) In *Book World*, Joseph Epstein remarked that the novel seemed "as if it were a joy to write"; Mailer's account of its composition comes closer to justifying Stanley Kauffmann's epithet: " 'action' writing . . . an encounter between man and typewriter to see what comes out. . . ."

What came out was generally found unquotable, so that admirers have been hard pressed to document their admiration. The first paragraph will suggest what readers might be missing:

> Hip hole and hupmobile, Braunschweiger, you didn't invite Geiger and his counter for nothing, here is D. J. the friendLee voice at your service—hold tight young America — introductions come. Let go of my dong Shakespeare, I have been gone too long, it is too late to tell my tale, may Batman tell it, let him declare there's blood on my dick, and D. J. Dicktor Doc Dick and Jek has got the bloods and has done animal murder, out out damn fart, and murder of the soldierest sort, cold was my hand and hot.

"If it is loosely strung," Denis Donoghue contends in *The New York Review*, "it is not casual." Seeking to bolster this thesis, Donoghue first confronts the book's odd division into narrative sections, or *Chaps*, and "free-wheeling essays," or *Beeps*—which division Donoghue finds "informal." "Nonexistent" would be more like it. After a scene supposedly showing D. J.'s mother at her analyst, the narrator turns to us, warning, "if the illusion has been conveyed that my mother . . . talks [this] way . . . well little readster, you're sick in your drool. . . ." What we see or hear comes to us through the narrator's fabrications. But Donoghue has an answer for this also:

> D.J.'s voice is the syntax of the novel, in the sense that it commands whatever it invokes. The unity of the book depends on a commanding voice rather than a controlling consciousness, because there is no gap between subject and object. This is not to imply that D. J. is a fool, but that only enough consciousness is required of him to sustain a powerful rhetoric, continuity of attack, and a hunter's sense of natural event.

Donoghue means, I think, that the novel *is* the voice. But, for reasons that are difficult to make out, D. J. repeatedly raises questions about his tone and identity:

> Maybe I'm making cheerful humorous recs, belly laughter . . . when I'm in fact sheer fucked right out of my mind, how about that? . . . maybe I'm a Spade and writing like a Shade . . .

Maybe indeed. No wonder D. J. says "the way you make it is on the distractions."

Distractions, however, require something to distract from; Mailer's dirty curlicues lack a base line. Critics have admiringly quoted such descriptions as that of D. J.'s father ("a high-breed crossing between Dwight D. Eisenhower and Henry Cabot Lodge"), neglecting to reveal that this is the extent of Mailer's characterization. For Joseph Epstein, it suffices. Rusty Jethroe, the father, is a Texas executive, and as Epstein reminds us, "the corporate mind, after all, is in the ascendency these days."

Because Mailer's subject is newsworthy, some critics affirm the credibility of his plot. But apart from being a tissue of clichés out of Hemingway and Faulkner, Mailer's plot scarcely exists. The author himself twits the reader about a moment when "this reminiscence of hunting began . . . to run in narrative form." and keeps jiggling the thread before our bloodshot eyes: "dig! you long patient

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asshole, we are on the track of something. . . ." Yet even though Stanley Kauffmann saw that little occurs in Mailer's book, he can speak of its "sharp" details. Chief among these is a long, tedious catalogue of armaments, inspiring Mailer's admission that "D. J.'s consciousness must be expiring in the brackish waters of sluggish narrative," but excused on the ground that we violent Americans crave such stuff. Among the book's more interesting features is the pervasive contention that its shortcomings are due to the reader.

Critics seem agreed that its meaning is due to historical fallout. According to Joseph Epstein:

> Disparate through the book's elements may be . . . they nonetheless have an interior logic of sorts—and this despite the fact that the word Vietnam appears only twice in the course of the novel, and both times on its very last page. But the Vietnam war hovers over the book, as it has hovered over just about every aspect of American life these past few years.

To be sure, Vietnam hovers over the book—because Mailer has given it neither situations nor characters in which to reside. Yet, though *Why Are We in Vietnam?* lacks the materials to provide even a tenuous analogy to our national ordeal, Stanley Kauffmann can believe that Mailer "makes clear the American mental state that produced the Vietnam war. . . ." In *The New York Times Book Review*, Anatole Broyard (in the book's first negative notice) dryly states the essence of Mailer's clarification:

> America's frustrated sexuality—homo or hetero—crystallizes in a murderous impulse which we palm off on the world as foreign policy.

"Rusty Jethroe," the book's tycoon villain, has reportedly been "married twenty years to a blonde beauty he can never own for certain in the flesh of his brain." It follows as the night the day that he must take out his frustration on grizzly bears and Vietnamese. "Is this easy and cheap?" Jack Kroll asks. "Some will say so, but there is power and pathos in the all too easy transition made by America's marvelous young energy as it turns its attention from Dallram to Viet Cong." Mailer is a good novelist because LBJ is a bad President. Any questions? Or as D. J. might say, "Yeah!"

Donoghue's definition of style explains why what must be the worst recent book published by a prominent novelist has not been greeted with contempt. Its sentiments are right and its patois is fashionable. Though the novel is a disjointed tirade in jargon—scurrilous, insulting, dull—its "hyperbolic and fantastical" caricatures have a "grotesquely authentic ring." (Epstein.) The literary establishment hates Texas and the war more than it loves art. We are back with the leftist philistinism of the thirties; but those who once protected the great modernists from naive attack have mounted the barricades to fight for illiteracy directed against the proper targets.

Yet one must be as fundamentally bored with politics as with art to take seriously a book like *Why Are We in Vietnam?* One might as well seek insight into urban culture by going to an Andy Warhol movie. Such gestures of frivolous cynicism are what Mailer's customers want. They don't require that he think through his subject any more than they ask that he find coherent means for expressing his comprehension. Constipated by indignation at an admittedly dreadful war, they bless any purgative by calling the result a novel.

Today it is the intellectual rather than the common reader who needs to be reminded not to accept trash simply because it flatters his beliefs. Whereas in the fifties Dwight Macdonald was found exposing the stylistic barbarities and intellectual nullities of James Gould Cozzens, in the sixties he is busy publicizing a sophomoric travesty of political satire named *MacBird!*

And more than art or politics is being compromised by praising Mailer's novel. A writer of undoubted talent is being encouraged by self-avowed spokesmen for integrity to show how opportunism pays. Formerly, Mailer's self-advertisement did not keep him from hard, craftsmanlike work; now, he coasts on the public's delight in being put on. *Advertisements for Myself* contained such promising fragments as "The Time of Her Time." His latest books are memorable for isolated sentences, but notorious for fakery. People can still be charmed, apparently, by the naked egoism Mailer displays in the self-interview accompanying Broyard's notice in the *Times*. How many of them saw that the object of Mailer's one nasty swipe at a contemporary rival was William Styron, who has produced the only novel this season by a writer as famous as Mailer?

What hovers over Mailer's book is nothing so momentous and public as Vietnam, but rather the author's careerism and a private obsession with sodomy. As John Simon points out, Mailer has invented a "new omnibus punctuation mark" (ass) which "replaces the comma, the hyphen, and (quite appropriately) the colon [while also] stretching . . . into a novel what is barely a short story." Throughout his career, Mailer has tried to imagine the actualities of politics, but he has always confused power with sex. In *The Naked and the Dead* the two subjects, laid beside each other, never quite mixed. But in *The Deer Park* they begin actively to intermingle with a confusion that makes Mailer a revealing example of the American Novel's famous solipsism.

In *An American Dream* Mailer's bafflement is palmed off as a profound insight into the confusion of politics and sexuality endemic to our lives. Having discovered that one's own bafflement might be excused as mirroring the age's, Mailer was ready for the chaos that is *Why Are We in Vietnam?* The hero of *An American Dream* is obsessed with buggery, and many of the snippets in *Cannibals and Christians* conceptualize the anal. Though scores of people will agree that our government is engaged in unnatural acts with the Vietnamese, I doubt that this is what they have in mind.

'Why Are We in Vietnam?'

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel.

A commonplace of those who yearly besiege Washington on behalf of the space crusade is "technological fallout," the existence of which apparently offers our blistered paradise inestimable benefit as it continues on its merry dance of progress. Valid or not, I find myself most willing to accept the argument since I prefer to go to the moon than to go to hell (in America, there is always the landscape of the mind for that). Nevertheless, I insist on "a strong national commitment" to what college presidents and Congressmen call "the arts and humanities," as well as to technology. And like an Athenian standing in the shadow of Socrates, I can now detect the "literary fallout" descending from our struggle for freedom in Vietnam.

I can even foresee the day when one of my graduate students will enter my office and announce that he wants to do a doctoral dissertation on American novels about the Vietnamese War. (*Vietnam, Vietnam: The Realm of Fiction, the Horror of War.* I offer the title for a mere prefatory acknowledgment.) His dissertation problem would be simple enough: to discover how American writers responded to our war

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THE LBJ BRIGADE. *By William Wilson. Apocalypse. 124 pp. $4.*

INCIDENT AT MUC WA. *By Daniel Ford. Doubleday & Co. 231 pp. $4.95.*

A-18. *By Thomas Taylor. Crown Publishers. 276 pp. $5.95.*

M. *By John Sack. New American Library. 199 pp. $4.50.*

THE PRISONERS OF QUAI DONG. *By Victor Kolpacoff. New American Library. 214 pp. $4.95.*

in Vietnam. Having been informed by Dr. Bell of the end of ideology and having been informed by numerous other doctors of the end of God, what possible approach could the novelist take to this latest U.S. crusade for freedom? Dean Rusk is not Leopold Bloom, but the need for an Everyman is apparent.

Traditionally, the novel has forced the writer to shift his focus from the general to the particular. But in dealing with Vietnam, novelists must face up to the opposite task. They must be willing to give up realism for the kind of allegory that will take the reader beyond the immediacy of the horror in order to see clearly what it has done to us. Television gives us the horror every evening with hardly any attempt to hide it. It is simply there, a part of the landscape, faithfully recorded by the dutiful cameramen of our technological paradise. The novelist's problem is to move beyond this, to create a narrative order so that we may see the horror itself in a new and broader dimension. Perhaps his task is impossible. Very few novels have succeeded in depicting the extermination of European Jewry with this kind of excruciating yet simple intensity. In Camus' century of fear, fiction may have met its match in the sheer preponderance of horror. Tragedy is dead, and even "black humor" may be the last gasp of comedy in our time.

Of the novels here William Wilson's *The LBJ Brigade*, published in January, 1966, had already been reviewed in *The Nation* by Joel Lieber [June 27, 1966]. I mention it now because its reissue this year was accompanied by a press release which left me with the uncomfortable feeling that radical opposition to the war is itself in danger of being packaged as one more commodity on a commodity-glutted market. More important, though, Mr. Wilson's individual sentences are sometimes embarrassing in their mounting hysteria, but as sentence springs into sentence, the prose assumes a kind of nervous anguish, a jumping muscularity, that is remarkably effective. It makes us see ourselves caught in the moral vacuity of our position in Vietnam.

> *A man should be mighty careful what he chooses to love, what he chooses to fight for,* Stephen thought. *Because life will damned well make the choice stick.*

With this thought, Stephen Courcey, a young American volunteer in "Southeast Asia," meets his death in Daniel Ford's *Incident at Muc Wa.* In some respects, Ford is more successful than Wilson. Though his prose lacks the nervous energy of Wilson's, he has managed to make Stephen and the other members of the American "raiders" sympathetic and appealing. And he has even managed some Twainesque situations about a subject which seems most unlikely to yield any humor. But Ford, in trying to write a novel about Vietnam that does not shock, may have succeeded too well. Despite his obvious disgust, he assumes that American action in Vietnam has a logic, however perverse, and an ethic, however misdirected; he knows that we Americans are victims of our own pragmatic natures:

> "I'm here," Stephen told her. "This is my job. I have to do my job the best way I know how."

But Ford fails to convince me that his war is the war I know it to be.

According to the book jacket, Thomas Taylor, author of *A-18*, is an officer in the American army who has served in Vietnam and "won seven decorations, including the Silver Star and two Bronze Stars for valor while commanding a company of paratroopers." *A-18* is a pedestrian adventure novel, but what fascinates me about it is that it has apparently been written from the honest conviction that the American cause *is* worth fighting and dying for. It's author is another pragmatic American, another believer in the simplistic efficiency which is destroying Vietnam in the name of freedom. To do him justice, Taylor captures the "new breed of soldiers," albeit in a prose that leaves one wincing—and what we see in the mirror are our own faces, jaws set, eyes narrow and clear, legitimate murderers all, authorized by law and the collective frustration of a nation.

John Sack's *M* is not technically a novel but a book of reportage which chronicles the life of one United States infantry company from basic training to its first armed engagement in Vietnam. *M* is one of the finest examples of what has come to be called the "documentary novel." Sack manages to make M Company both vivid and human, deeply human, to the extent that

STOKELY CARMICHAEL
explains what he means by "Black Power"—and why he thinks it may be our last hope for preventing civil war between black and white

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even when M Company makes its first "kill," a 7-year-old Vietnamese girl whose head is blown open, our sympathy is with these soldiers caught in a world they neither made nor understand nor want. *M* is laboratory proof of Hannah Arendt's banality of evil thesis. Sack's approach is essentially the approach of the impressionistic prose poet; he has gone to school with James Agee and made very good use of what he has learned. He is capable of describing *M*'s Negro Captain Amaker "digging the jams . . . with a friend who pulled down $50 an hour sitting in chairs with an Olivetti and looking over his shoulder as though to say, 'As long as you're up, get me a Grant's' in the studios of *Ebony* magazine's photographers"; he is capable of describing how orders simply get twisted in the relaying of them, so that the village that was not to be burned was burned anyway, until "there wasn't a Vietnamese farmhouse that wasn't just a layer of smoldering black dust." He has written a superb book.

The most impressive of the lot is Victor Kolpacoff's *The Prisoners of Quai Dong*, a remarkable first novel, written in a controlled prose that comes closest to creating the narrative order for horror that I called for earlier: a contemporary allegorical drama which does not resort either to artifice or shock. The action takes place in an American military stockade in South Vietnam, where the narrator, Lieutenant Kreuger, has been sentenced to hard labor because of his refusal to obey an order, a refusal which originates in his seeing "not the enemy, but faces" through his field glasses. Because he is able to understand and to speak Vietnamese, Kreuger is ordered to report to an interrogation shed to aid in the questioning of a 17-year-old Vietcong suspect. The shed becomes an effective microcosm for the metaphoric hell of America. Kolpacoff depicts the intense physicality of the tension, the violence beneath the surface that finally takes the boy's life, the silence which ultimately betrays Kreuger by forcing him into the ranks of the legitimate murderers. The symbolism is effective because it intensifies the novelist's vision: Kolpacoff never lets us go, and more than any of the other novels under discussion here *The Prisoners of Quai Dong* envelops the American reader with what *he* has done in the *here* and *now*. Kreuger is America, but he is also America's victim, just as the humanitarian Dr. Mason is its victim; Nguyen, the quiet South Vietnamese interrogator is its victim; Lieutenant Buckley, the efficiency expert gone to war, is its victim; even Sergeant McGruder, representative of the faceless brutality that one can see down all our streets, even he is its victim. Kreuger's silence leads to the restoration of his commission. He becomes reabsorbed by the very system he had once fought, sucked into its vortex even as he tries to resist it:

> When the door finally opened it was Buckley who came out. He was smiling, and he took me by the arm and said that he had been instructed to show me to my new quarters in the officers' billet. "Is there anything that I can get for you?" he asked.
>
> "First of all, I'd like a clean uniform," I said.

I shall leave whatever is to follow to my student. Perhaps in a decade or two, he and I can sit down, as scholars do, and dispassionately discuss the fiction that came out of that dirtiest of dirty wars. And if he should choose to speak to me in the language of Camus, to voice the novelists' quest for "a world in which murder is not legitimate," I shall nod my head, suitably academic, sympathetic but distant.

Editorial Shaping

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: Number One. *Edited by Theodore Solotaroff. New American Library. 288 pp. Paper 95c.*

ROBERT HATCH

Launching *New American Review* in the wake of *New World Writing*, which ceased publication in 1959 after eighteen issues, Theodore Solotaroff invokes the "hospitality" and "catholicity" of his editorial predecessors and adopts a generally laissez-faire position in which excellence is the nonconstrictive criterion. This permissiveness runs so counter to the magazine editor's typical claim to a directive, persuasive role that one suspects the perplexities of assembling an occasional periodical in book form may have suggested it. Mr. Solotaroff's job looks on the surface akin to that of putting out a weekly or monthly journal, but the differences are significant. To be sure, magazine editors must also give thought to balance and congruence, but not primarily in single issues. They are concerned to establish an on-going tone and relevance; they run their course in broad tacks, and if they are doing their job properly induce in their readers an expectancy combined with surprise. Magazines die and are reborn with every publication date and virtue resides not in the issue but in the enterprise.

But when journalism is practiced in book form the values shift. We are conditioned to judge a book as an entity, and the time span is too long and too indefinite to create a rhythm of expectancy. By its very title, *New American Review* must forgo the protection of a field or theme, such as justifies the usual collection of essays or fiction; at the same time, it cannot stimulate the sense of incompleteness, of questing, that provides a good magazine with its momentum. Given a clean slate, but only one, on which to record what exercised writers in 1967, who would not resort to discriminating opportunism?

Thus individual pieces seem to fall out of the book, or to have lost a good part of their flavor before the pages are even opened. Conor Cruise O'Brien's juxtaposition of Edmund Burke and Karl Marx is historical synthesis of the first order; but why, except that it was available, publish this particular essay in this particular volume; and would it not have struck deeper and remained current long-

THE DRINKERS

Dandelions suck tart juice from the ground
even in May, when they bloom with the greenish, young
color of sun after snow. Children taste that brown
bitterness, but they split the stems with their tongues
to make a wig of the dead-white, corkscrew ringlets,
or bring bouquets that look from a damp yellow
innocence like a chick, and stain your fingers—
strong drink from the ground. Children know
what work it is to root up and kill these weeds
that suck so deep; even a severed head
will ripen, and no child can count the seeds:
they are numberless, like the hairs of the dead.

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er in more relevant surroundings? Stanley Kauffmann, in "Drama on the *Times*," tries to relate his own vexatious experience on that paper to general observations on the plight of the American theatre and the therapeutic criticism indicated. But time has made the expression of his understandable pique sound a little rankling, and his prescription for our stage—that New York critics should become aware of the national theatre and that only substantial plays should be reviewed, the dross being relegated to news coverage—is in the first instance unnecessary, since the job is already begun, and in the second instance would be no more than a ducking of the issue, since the act of dividing the sheep from the goats would be a critical evaluation so implacable as to turn the already acrimonious commercial theatre into a battle royal. "A man who manufactures popcorn," says Mr. Kauffmann, "has a right to sell it, without interference, to anyone who wants to buy." But if your popcorn is being reviewed, and mine is not, I shall suffer under a sense of gross interference.

At one point only in the body of his volume does Solotaroff intrude with an editorial note, and that is to introduce two essays dealing with "the homosexual imagination," a matter which he says is now prominent in the literary situation. Indeed it is; one might almost call it fashionable. And having pointed to the topicality of this material, he does not, I think, contribute very much to it. Benjamin DeMott in "But He's a Homosexual . . ." gets off to an angry defense of his protagonist by quoting extensively from what seems to have been a regrettably crass treatment of the subject. But in his zeal he tumbles all the way over into the dubious implication that homosexuals are peculiarly gifted for artistic expression, depreciates any uneasiness as to the influence of covert homosexuality on the arts, and fails to deal with the fact that the sex of an artist, and particularly of a writer, is relevant to an understanding of the work. The companion piece, George Dennison's "Moral Effect of the Legend of Genet," has only a tangential relationship, since homosexuality is but one of the weapons whereby Genet, according to Dennison, induces the "You—I" confrontation in which he achieves the legend of himself. And yet, except for the element of homosexuality, the essay might have seemed too particular for inclusion in the rather broad spectrum of this book.

When it comes to fiction, the editorial perplexities become still more acute. Lacking the haven of a pigeonhole, what will you choose from this bewildering activity? In the event, it looks very much as though you choose what comes conveniently to hand. The sense of this is enforced by the fact that four of the seven selections are fragments from novels scheduled for early release. Publishers are not averse to kicking up an advance stir with this sort of sampling, and you can fill a shopping cart quickly enough by pushing it from door to door in midtown Manhattan. But appraising a novel from a chapter is a mug's game.

Of the short stories, William Mathes' "Swan Feast" reads like an attempt to cap the masculine blood rites of William Faulkner, and the title of Philip Roth's "The Jewish Blues" makes me hope, not very confidently, that it is intended as a parody dipped from that too familiar reservoir of sweet chagrin. The best fiction in the book (still ignoring the enigmatic samples) is "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country," a mosaic pseudo-memoir by William H. Gass. These interlocking fragments may also be part of a longer work, and how far the method would sustain itself I cannot guess. But to the extent given here, they evoke with a touchingly muted eloquence the struggle of a man to rouse himself from a recent emotional trouncing by recording, with the hyperacuity his state of mind provides, the identifying marks of an out-at-elbow Midwestern town.

That leaves (except for the poetry, selected by Stanley Moss with what seems to me unimpeachable propriety) four essays that do bear upon and illuminate one another in such a way as to give the book an inner core. They are: "The Complacencies of the Academy: 1967" by Theodore Roszak, "*MacBird!* and Its Audience" by Richard Gilman, "Youngers and Olders" by Keith Botsford and "Norman Mailer at Graduate School" by Norman Martien. The reader moves from a denunciation of the moral evasions of contemporary scholarship; to "a nihilism more profound and sweeping, although also more shoddy and literally insincere, than any we have known before in our public life" (as made manifest by the popular response of Mrs. Garson's nonplay); to a plaintive acceptance of the generational gulf that was cut in large part, surely, by such ethical queasiness; to a snapshot of one of the moral bushwhackers of only yesterday who now seems to a young observer a cocky, lonely bantam found in a time-faded album of American types.

Taken together, these pieces suggest "what it was like" for an articulate segment of America in 1967. As time passes they are, I believe, the selections that will keep this first issue of *New American Review* alive on the library shelf. And they are evidence, finally, that a sensitive editor, even if he adopts no theme, may find that a theme has formed in his hand.

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Whose Truth?

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias' current work is The Goodbye Land *(Pantheon).*

While more than 700 members of the press attended the daytime screenings of Lincoln Center's New York Film Festival features at Philharmonic Hall, and while the hordes of paying customers crowded the shows that began at 6:30 in the evening, a very special group queued up three and four times a day for free tickets to the documentaries being shown at the 212-seat auditorium of the Library of the Performing Arts. Young film makers, buffs, students, social-minded intellectuals (the men without beards had superb, varied sideburns) made up most of those who came a good hour in advance when the tickets for each event were distributed: an unorthodox-looking crowd and perhaps the most sophisticated, nonviolent, humane group you can get together in New York these days. Yet their anxiety about being on time for tickets and about getting into the theatre as soon as the doors opened —not just their anxiousness but also their lively, downright un-American way of talking to one another—kept the security guards in a panic. Obviously, they wished the whole program of "The Social Film in Cinema" had not taken place.

As if to prove the guards right, the early evening show on the third day, which included a Cuban-made documentary on the American Negro and another, made here, on Malcolm X, was interrupted by the New York City police, who had received a report that a bomb had been placed in the auditorium. An unusual scene was enacted: the cops were polite, the audience impertinent. A lieutenant announced a valuable jewel had been lost, in order not to alarm the gathering; the audience answered that there is no such thing as a valuable jewel and most refused to look under their seats as they were requested. Two young Negro militants in front of me were particularly indignant, and one called out: "If this movie were not about blacks, you would not have dared to stop it!" And all of us, of course, agreed.

The following afternoon another anomalous event took place, though it was probably unnoticed by most—at least in its most astonishing detail. Jerry Stoll's *Sons and Daughters*, an account of the Berkeley students' anti-war demonstrations, cut frequently to lines of police holding their clubs in both hands behind their backs—his variation of the Potemkin-steps sequence—and each time we all hissed with gusto, only to find as the hissing

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died down that some one had been clapping from the back of the auditorium all the while. It was no surprise to make out in the dark auditorium the uniform of a security guard. Nor even, when one thought about it sadly, that he was a Negro, a martinet who had been the most officious and outraged of those out in the lobby.

The twenty "events" of the series—not all were films; some were panel discussions and interviews with directors—allowed for more audience reaction than applause and hissing. Some of the audience, of course, seemed to have come for just that moment when their upraised hands were recognized, but it is a compliment to the pertinence and liveliness of the films and panelists that most who asked questions or announced their film credos from their seats were responding to broader imperatives. They were concerned about the subject of the film and whether each film maker's aesthetics qualified as the best way to get at the truth of the scene, or they were simply curious about how some scene had been shot. These interests tended to discourage verbal exhibitionists, and when that didn't work, the audience asked them to shut up: no one was disposed to suffer fools gladly.

There were never empty seats for film showings—in the case of *Black Natchez* and *The Titicut Follies*, hundreds were turned away—but it was surprising to see the auditorium filled for panel discussions. At 1:30 one afternoon there was an overflow audience for a discussion (with illustrations) of "Reality Cinema: Whose Truth?" The enthusiasm was understandable, since the panel included David Maysles and Don Pennebaker, directors whose work might be classed, despite demurrers from them, as *cinema verité*, and Al Wasserman and Harold Mayer, whose work for television is perforce more conventional. Maysles felt his work was sufficiently known to the audience, but each of the other three showed a sequence from one of his films, Pennebaker showing a complete short work on the wedding of Timothy Leary.

Whereas in his full-length feature on Bob Dylan, *Never Look Back*, that had recently opened in New York, Pennebaker followed the subject without cutting away, often switch-panning dizzily; for the Leary picture he had two cameras running simultaneously, so that what looked like cutting, he explained, was not. That is, it was no violation of his aesthetics that a sequence of Leary getting into his tuxedo is followed by his bride having her hair done in another room at the house at Milbrook, for both events happened at the same time and were so caught by Pennebaker's synchronized cameras. Pennebaker felt that this method allowed him to be true to what was happening, though the shifting back and forth from one room to the other did look like conventional film editing.

Pennebaker then explained why he didn't want his films to be called documentaries. Documentaries search out all the data that can be obtained about a particular subject and present them to the audience. Whereas he (Maysles nodded approvingly throughout Pennebaker's comments) only collected what his camera caught, he didn't know whether it was correct or not. Maysles went on: "I am not interested in truth," he said. A well-dressed lady in the audience, who was not as young as she perhaps imagined, explained, while Pennebaker and Maysles approved, that "their" generation responded to such films almost intuitively, not as to the "manipulated" documentaries, because spontaneity was bred in the bone with them. "As if the jam session for us is . . ." she said, and completed the idea with a gesture of one hand..

By this time Wasserman and Mayer were on the defensive. Earlier, Wasserman had volunteered that in the sequence he'd shown of Hoffa addressing a Teamsters' meeting, he'd held the audience in the hall after the session was over in order to get reaction shots that his camera had not caught at the time Hoffa was speaking. In other words, he had staged some of the shots in order to be true to the range of response which had been there in the union meeting. Pennebaker and Maysles had listened to that without comment, but when the audience seemed theirs, Pennebaker explained that he could never do that. "I wouldn't think of asking Dylan to walk through a doorway again because I hadn't caught it the first time." There were murmurs of approval.

At this moment Pauline Kael, sitting in the audience, decided to ask Pennebaker a couple of questions. First, she wanted to know what the sequence of Dylan singing to sharecroppers was doing in the midst of his film about Dylan's English tour. He explained that some other film maker had sent it to him and that when he was editing his film he simply spliced it in. "I don't know why," he said with a bright smile. "I've never taken it out."

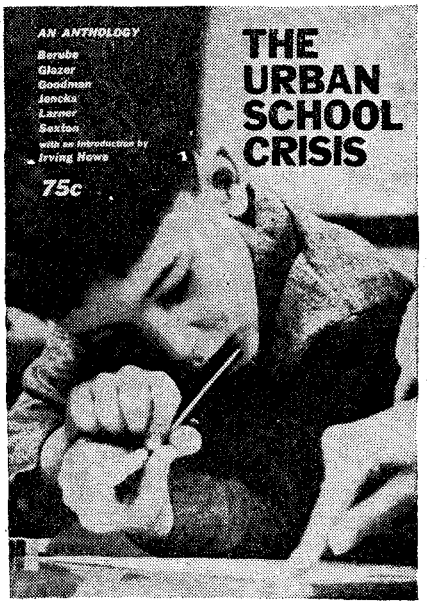
"In other words," Miss Kael said, "your aesthetics shifts too."

Both Maysles and Pennebaker had stated several times that their films do not depend for interest on the fact that, say, Timothy Leary is the subject. Miss Kael pointed out that Pennebaker had done Marlon Brando, Bob Dylan, now Leary, and Pennebaker insisted that though he was interested in the people he'd filmed, who they were was of no importance. Miss Kael then asked if Dylan was his idea or if Dylan's manager had first suggested it. Pennebaker said the manager had approached him first, but that this made no difference.

"It looked to me like A Hero Is Born," Miss Kael said, "what with all the halo lighting."

Pennebaker's smile was pained but he gallantly replied, "if that is the case, it is my fault."

Miss Kael was marvelously relentless:



Essays by Paul Goodman, Christopher Jencks, Nathan Glazer, Patricia Cayo Sexton, Jeremy Larner and Maurice R. Berube.. Introduction by Irving Howe.

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"And now, I understand, you are doing a film about Norman Mailer . . ?"

It was fortunate that the discussion cleared the air about *cinema verité* because it made obvious that the departure from conventional narration of some of the exciting documentaries exhibited was due more to lightweight sound and camera equipment than to theory. Films like *Warrendale* (a moving, beautifully made one about disturbed children) and *The Titicut Follies* (a muckraking look at a Massachusetts jail for the criminally insane) are the more powerful because they are able to let the people filmed speak for themselves. Even some of the television documentaries, still adhering to the old form, like *Lay My Burden Down* and *The Mills Of the Gods,* when they move in for a close look, can achieve an intimacy and unstaged quality that is extraordinarily moving. It is still the subject and what the director (who must continue to be interested in editing) makes of it that matters.

What these young and not-so-young documentary film makers are doing, if the festival program can be trusted, is the most exciting work in film in our country. Stoll's *Sons and Daughters* is a superb account of the impasse which peaceful opposition to the war has reached; as is Ed Pincus and David Neuman's *Black Natchez* a devastating picture of the black freedom movement's failures—in which they have the courage to show Charles Evers and the NAACP as the "bad guys." In *Lay My Burden Down,* Jack Willis went to the Selma area one year after the march and showed how conditions have worsened for the Negro; it contains one sequence about a Negro sharecropper family, so beautiful and intimate, that you cannot shake it off.

That they can now get almost anything down on film and on the sound track can be an easy temptation for young film makers: they seem not to want to let go. They can be repetitive and, for want of narration, let their story line flounder. Exposure to audiences is how these directors can learn, but that is exactly what their films are not getting. The lucky ones get shown on New York's educational television channel, others only at festivals like this—how many cannot be accommodated anywhere?

A young man named Peter Adair made a film called *The Holy Ghost People* about the snake-handling religious sect in West Virginia, and proved how much is to be gotten from a close look at people —even people from whom one might have thought it better to look the other way.

I stood in line with Mr. Adair on another day, waiting to get into a panel event, and asked him if he had plans for a new film. "Oh, I have many projects," he said, "but no money. It takes more time to raise the money than to make the films. It's a drag. I have decided to give up the whole thing many times." Behind us the line for the next documentary got so long it turned the corner. A pity some exhibitor was not there to see that documentary programs might fill his theatre.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* (Booth Theatre) is a good and entertaining play. I begin in this blunt and, in certain respects, noncommittal fashion for reasons I must explain.

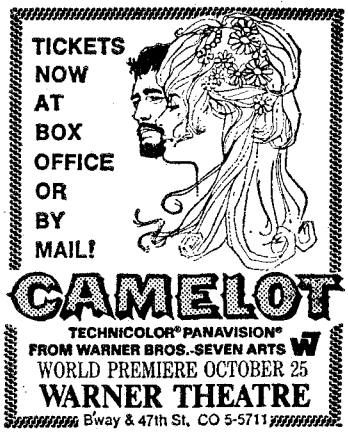
I saw it first in London after I had seen the same author's *The Caretaker.* That production of *The Birthday Party* (Pinter's first full-length effort) had been staged by Pinter himself, and disappointment led me to suggest that the writer murder the director.

Another reason for advancing circumspectly to a truer evaluation is that a critic, being as lamentably human as any of his fellow creatures, sometimes reacts more to other reactions—especially to those of other critics—than in accord with his own. The critic thus tempted must be sufficiently patient with himself to discover what he really thinks!

The Birthday Party is a good play because it is extremely well constructed, admirably written and the first extended expression of an unmistakably original personality. The play keeps us alert. And it is *not* obscure. Pinter owes much to Beckett and perhaps to Kafka. In a short stretch of dialogue I fancied I heard echoes of Odets' *Paradise Lost*; but this too is only conjecture. The point is that whatever influences have shaped Pinter's work, he has transmuted them into something of his own: stingingly humorous, strangely disquieting, laconically tight to the point of mystification, theatrical to the point of staginess. Occasionally there is a tremor of compassion in *The Birthday Party* though more notably in *The Caretaker.*

Pinter, I repeat, is not obscure: what he intends us to understand can be readily understood. For example, the unctuously plausible and malevolent Goldberg and his thick-headed henchman McCann in *The Birthday Party* may be taken as the police or as wardens of a mental institution or even as Death itself. In effect it doesn't truly matter which; what does matter is that they remove Stanley, the play's anti-hero, to a place where he dreads to go.

Stanley resides at a wretched boardinghouse which its owners, like so many in England who supply digs to touring actors and other indigents, assume to be normal living quarters—and "very nice." (Pinter is a master at making us sense the damp dreariness of such environments, as he is of setting down the speech of the folk who usually run them.) Stanley is something of an artist; at least, a person of sensibility. He has suffered the humiliations which almost inevitably attend such people's lives. (The



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same is true of the young man in *The Caretaker*). He has retreated from the world to avoid further injury. Even though the hosts of his hiding place are stunningly stupid, they are innocents. But the "furies" (Goldberg and McCann) against which he is powerless catch up with him, take him away and, we presume, destroy him.

The play is a parable placed in circumstances and couched in language that may pass as "realistic." Pinter does not however aim to represent a precise milieu or to depict particular individuals. He writes to evoke the atmosphere of a widespread modern condition. His style embodies his "message."

The Birthday Party is the simplest of Pinter's plays. It has less scope than *The Caretaker*; it is less cutting than *The Homecoming*. Still *The Birthday Party* is not only a good play but for a "beginner," as Pinter was in 1958 at the time of its first production, a consummate one.

Do I "agree" with Pinter? Is his view of life acceptable to me as a universal truth? No. I do not "agree" with him, and his truth is not universal. But nowadays it is something commonly and very acutely felt by many of us everywhere: the reduction of man to a menaced and quivering atom in a senseless, horribly vacuous world.

Alan Schneider's direction is emotionally pointed. The play might be conceived as a lucid nightmare, but pity is at the core of Schneider's interpretation. There is more pathos than horror in it. His characters are not drained of life; they still retain a degree of vitality. (The Royal Shakespeare Company's production under Pinter was merely inexpressive.) With a touch of mystery melodrama, we are at moments close to a feeling of domestic comedy. Thus, Pinter's dumb housekeeper acquires a distinct sweetness, and her passive husband a benevolence which sadly comes to nothing. What we see at the Booth Theatre is more assimilable and persuasive for our audiences than a colder or more severe English reading of the play might be.

James Patterson projects the mutilated artist's torment convincingly. Always a fine actress, Ruth White makes the housekeeper more touching and less drab than perhaps Pinter's text indicates. Ed Flanders as Goldberg mixes acid and schmaltz in very nearly the right proportions. Alexandra Berlin as a cockney "bird" is juicy, comically affecting and unmistakably present. No one in the cast is bad.

I "agree" with George Tabori's two one-acters which come to us under the distasteful title *The Niggerlovers* (Orpheum Theatre, 26 Second Avenue), but I don't care for them.

In the first of these skits called "The Demonstration," a cultivated gentleman named "August" sympathetic to our Southern blacks, goes to visit them on their native grounds. He hopes in some way to be of service to them. He accepts a demonstration of how they are treated by the law in the South. Two black men playfully apply themselves to the task. They give him a brutal going over which makes him cry out "I don't want to be a Negro any more!"

In the second and still more abstract piece called "Man and Dog" a genteel young man of liberal stripe walks his dog along the streets of one of our ghettos. The dog is an aging Austrian bitch (attractive in the person of Viveca Lindfors) and something of a Fascist. She despises "spicks" and probably Negroes and Jews as well. She is severely reproved for this by her master. But she is harmless: she no longer has any real bite and she is only moderately randy. Because she still reeks of old-world charm, her "boss" is devoted to her despite her reprehensible prejudices. When, in the course of their walk, the man virtually begs to be robbed by two astonished blacks who he supposes intend to "molest" him he ends by calling for the police to take strong measures against his "assailants." At the conclusion of the episode we find him along with his bitch baying at the moon.

The meaning is clear. The liberal-minded American, indignant about Fascist traits and behavior in foreigners, is patient, often even affectionately tolerant with them when they no longer constitute a direct threat, but he will clamor for counterviolence to avoid danger from the insulted and injured at home.

This is a good insight. But Tabori's treatment has a counterfeit ring. It is tricked out in the stylistic modes of the "new theatre"—not Brecht, Genet or good red vaudeville but with a smattering of all three. The writer's personal stamp is missing. He has chosen a form alien to him.

Evidence of this is furnished by a passage (almost an interpolation) in "The Demonstration." Here August's lady secretary describes the guilt suffered by a person whose relatives have been done to death in a concentration camp while he (or she) has managed to escape to safety. Such a person constantly tries to assuage his troubled conscience by taking special pains to act kindly toward those weaker or less privileged. This monologue might prove moving in another context. (It might also be more effective if it were spoken by a man.) Set where it is it strikes an incongruous note.

Though it contains a few funny lines, the show remains static. The director, Gene Frankel, has sought to enliven the evening by acrobatics, choreographic stunts, somersaults, jujitsu, chases in slow motion. They are well employed and the players are to be congratulated on their aptitude. But they, no more

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than the excellent jazz players or the music which accompanies Tabori's lyrics, not even Stacy Keach's ability as a character actor, can turn *The Niggerlovers* into a stimulating event.

Murray Schisgal's two playlets which are collectively titled *Fragments* (Cherry Lane Theatre on Commerce Street) probably antedate the same author's *Luv* as well as *The Tiger* and *The Typist*. They are little more than elaborate blackout sketches.

The first of these, "The Basement," is about a man so entirely devoted to his work as a "scientist" that he cruelly neglects his father, brother and, above all, his wife. He pursues his idiotic dream of a discovery so stubbornly that his wife, tried beyond endurance, leaves him. The final moment shows him maudlin over his bereavement. This little satire failed to amuse me despite some comic bits of business and James Coco's performance as the nincompoop's brother.

The second item with the literal designation "Fragments" is inventive to the extent that it presents an uninteresting clerk with literary ambitions in his physical impulses, his conscious mind and his subconscious or, as some would have it, his id, his ego and his superego. But once we identify the gimmick—the three "characters" we see are all parts of the same man—curiosity abates. The result is neither very revealing nor especially entertaining.

Gene Hackman who is starred is inadequately directed in "The Basement" and only competent as one of the "fragments" in the second piece. He hardly has the opportunity to be as effective here as he was in *Any Wednesday* or as he is in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

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TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

Another commercial television season has arrived in a cascade of new evening entertainment programs apparently designed for the younger sibling of the mythical 12-year-old for whom Hollywood once made films. The new series, like the old, is preoccupied with vicarious sex and violence and with comedy, the eager fascinations of children at puberty, electronic equivalents of comic books and pulp fiction. TV pulp, however, is more attractive than print pulp. Less effort need be expended but more advertising is consumed, a mutual accommodation appreciated by both audience and sponsors.

Tacitly admitting the low state of standard programing this fall, the networks have been soft-pedaling their series and stressing the uncommonly large number of specials to be telecast through 1967-68. Some of these future specials, like Reginald Rose's original drama, *Dear Friends,* and Richard Rodgers' musical adaptation of Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion,* appear to be special indeed, judged by sample tapings last summer. The significance of their appearance is that they mark a reversal of network programing policy.

Two years ago, the programing vice presidents of the three major networks acknowledged to a Television Academy of Arts and Sciences symposium that their selection of programs reflected not their personal taste but their conception of cultural democracy. Ratings told A.B.C., C.B.S. and N.B.C. what was popular, and the popular was provided. The executives described themselves as merely conduits for the mass taste.

That this is less a programing policy than an abdication of responsibility apparently troubled the networks less than the later realization that such a course is a dead end. To seek the lowest common denominator of taste in an audience conditioned to faddist mobility, without offering a choice for change, improvement, rebellion or whim, is to abandon that audience. The complaints of critics and the deprived minority of non-boobs did not change the collective executive mind. *Death of a Salesman* did. The Arthur Miller drama won a respectable rating on C.B.S. some eighteen months ago and the panic was on for specials. The networks have no objection to do-goodism provided it makes money.

Only a handful of the forthcoming specials will be worth the time and attention of audiences seeking adult entertainment. The season's specials, both good and bad, will total not more than 5 per cent of the prime-time evening schedule. But tokenism is an advance over yesterday's exclusion.

Meanwhile, the Congress has finished struggling with that other major evidence of the failure of the American way of commercial television—the bill to establish a corporation for (noncommercial) public television. If commercial TV satisfied America's wants and needs, truly operated in the public's interest, convenience and necessity, there would be no need for a Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

The corporation was proposed by President Johnson in March and passed by the Senate. An appropriation of $9 million just to found the corporation, and a conception of it even before birth as an impotent giant controlled by pygmies, worried the House less than the corporation's possible susceptibility to partisan politics and other pressures. The bills' uneasy passage bodes ill for the handling of next year's larger question, that of financing the corporation's operations at an estimated $270 million annually. The Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, on whose findings the President based his recommendations, has proposed a federal tax on television sets.

The tragicomic circle is thus complete. Congress is basically responsible for the sorry state of U.S. television. It gave the nation's air waves to commercial operators under inadequate rules inadequately enforced. It is unwilling to admit, let alone correct, the error. But next year it no doubt will ask the people to pay for the mistake while private telecasters continue to rake in extraordinary profits.

A New Yorker, W. L. Schubert, presented the case for the American people in a succinct letter to *The New York Times*:

> It is not reasonable or right to triple-tax the public for the dubious "pleasure" of watching TV—first through payment for the advertising which is certainly billed into the product cost; secondly through having to watch the witless and boorish commercials, and now as you propose through contributing directly for what we had a right to in the first place.

Thomas P. F. Hoving, chairman of the newly created National Citizens Committee for Public Television, will have trouble topping that.

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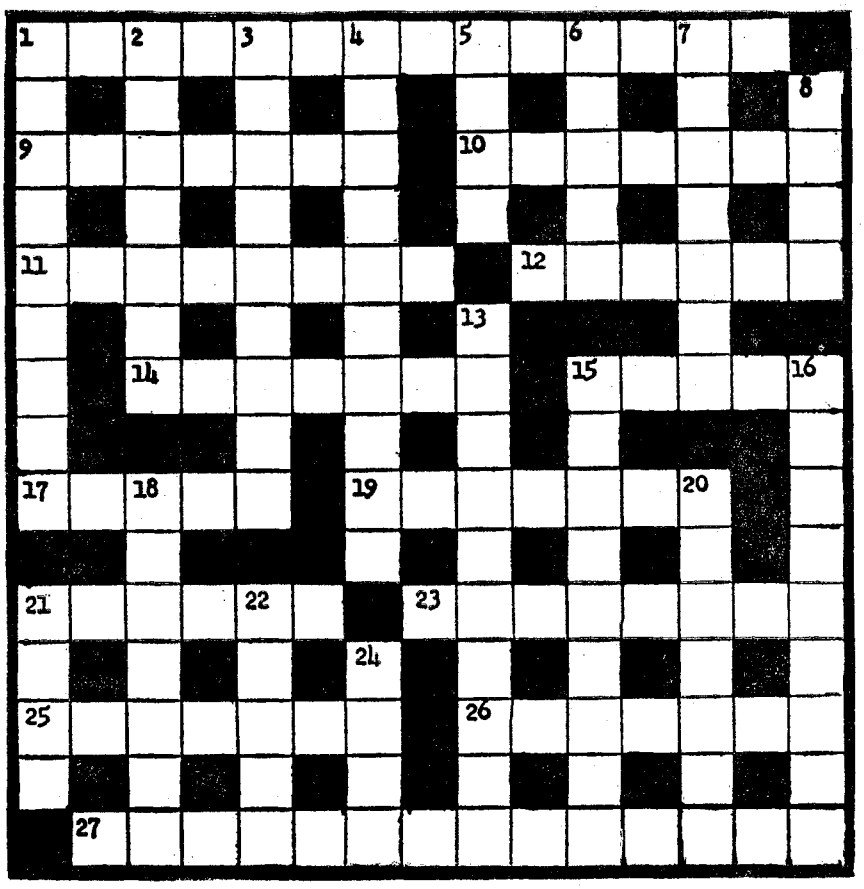
Crossword Puzzle No. 1220

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 There may be more interest connected with this than in a first example, but it's not quite so safe. (6,8)
9 Waits for the well-known bird—with a certain amount of confidence. (7)
10 Rose might be one to make it socially, hopefully. (7)
11 So-called transportation might be dangerous. (8)
12 Sailors sometimes hope to be left with a cigarette and some silver, perhaps. (6)
14 Trees, yet they strip vegetation from large areas. (7)
15 Rests on the points of a diamond. (5)
17 Doesn't give what might be involved if there's a lot of shooting. (5)
19 A true one might be involved during travel. (2,5)
21 They might round up the enemy, but offer a certain amount of chances with 17. (6)
23 They offered refinement in the old days.
25 Cajole, as the "dealer" might have done with only slight variation. (7)
26 Evidently the start of this dance was musically popular. (7)
27 The church and state perhaps blames this nest of confusion. (14)

DOWN:

1 One-time arsenal? It might be something to chew on! (9)
2 and 6 down What Washington, for example, won—reported in due form. (7,5)
3 They might be dependent on making a bad scene lack something of them. (9)
4 Had some doubt concerning what was oxidized by moisture? (10)
5 Run by people, obviously. (4)
6 See 2 down.
7 The broken sobbing heard in strange forests, perhaps. (7)
8 Loose at no expense. (4)
13 Shooting stars with them?Assortable as such! (10)
15 Showy, but inferior and worthless. (9)
16 Seems, in a way, disturbed rest should last six months! (9)
18 Such as Lady Chatterley's Lover? Or those who find something in childish doggerel? (7)
20 A number of impressions might qualify for it. (7)
21 Scatters on the farm, like farm animals, (4)
22 Shrew's home here? (5)
24 Certainly not sick of the source. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1219

ACROSS: 1 Prime example; 10 Shuts up; 11 Rapallo; 12 Crave; 13 Delivered; 14 Oubliettes; 16 Vega; 18 Ovid; 20 Propaganda; 23 Impromptu; 25 Haiti; 26 Atelier; 27 Drachma; 28 Sahara desert. DOWN: 2 Rhubarb; 3 Mesmeric; 4 Expediter; 5 April; 6 Popova; 7 Enlarge; 8 Psychological; 9 Good Samaritan; 15 Expounded; 17 Eggheads; 19 Impress; 21 Neither; 22 Polish; 24 Parer.

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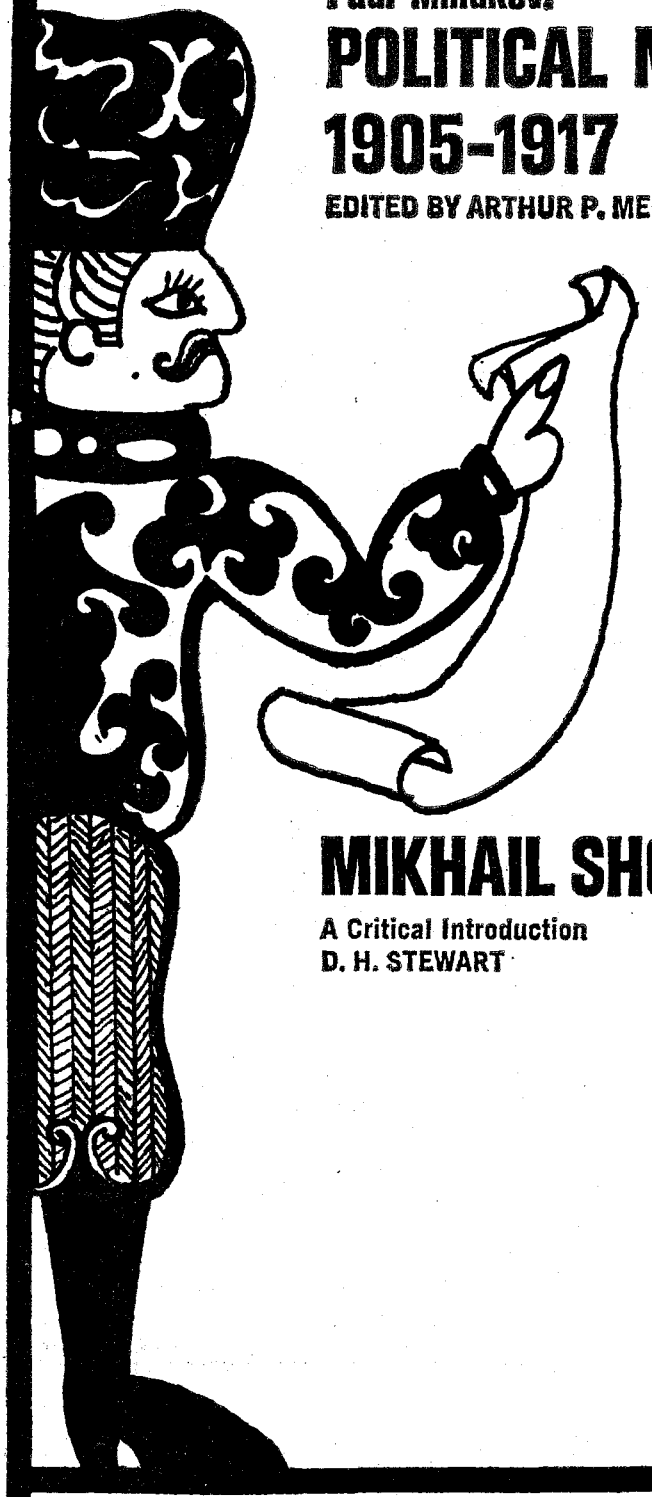

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